MATURITY WITH CLASS

CHIRON RISING

ISSUE 62

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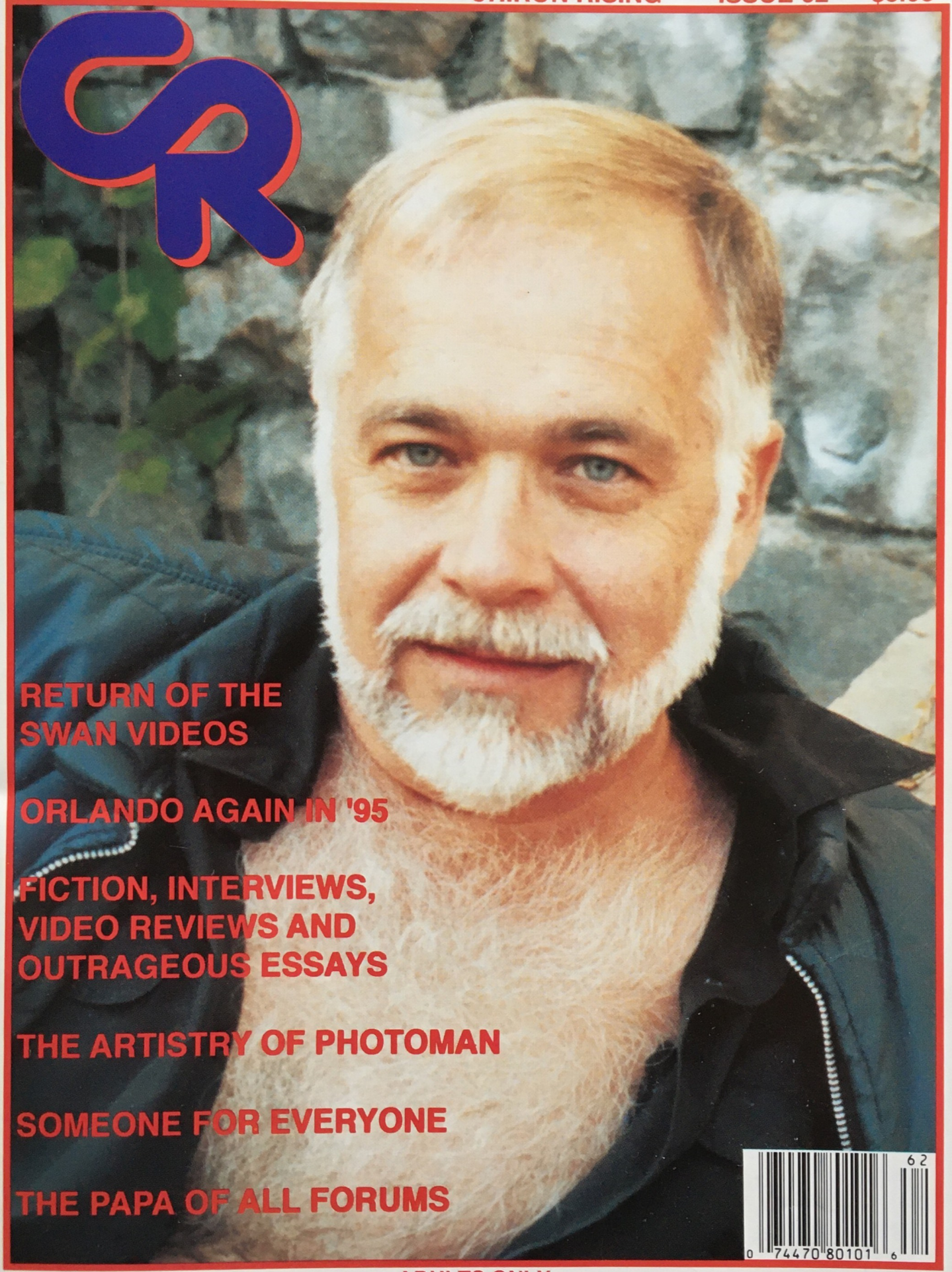

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ISSUE 62

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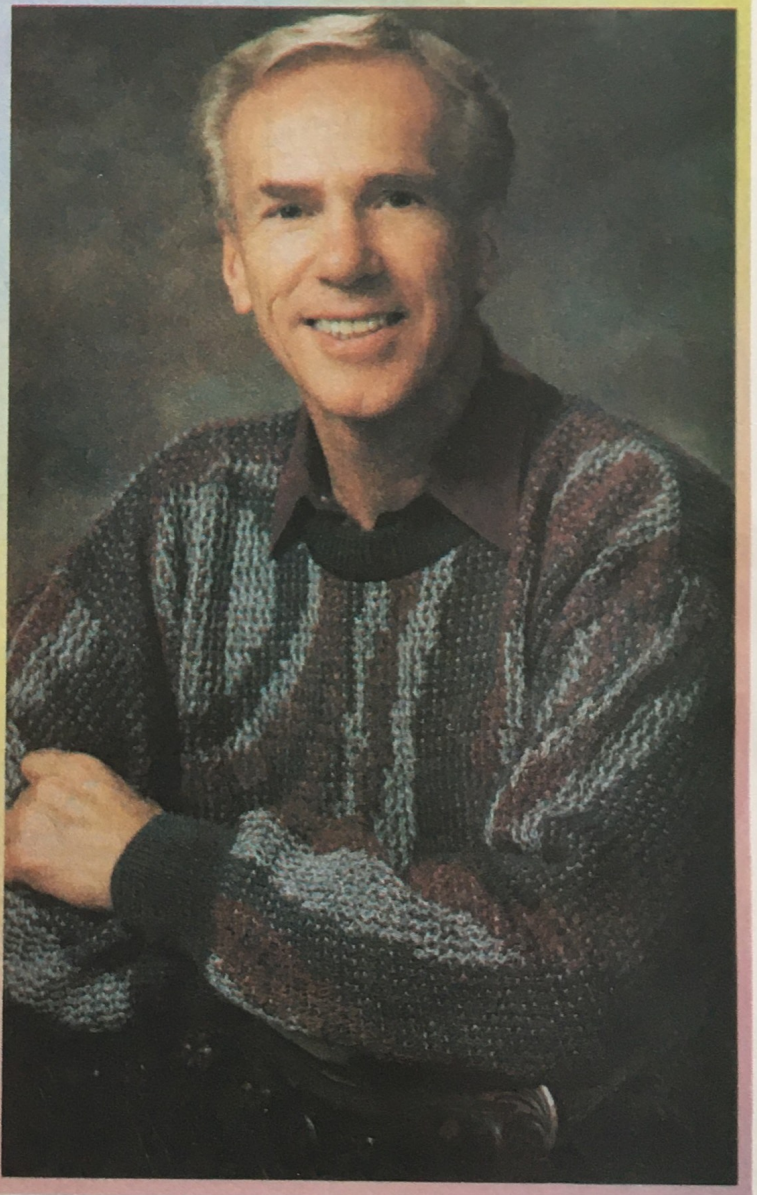
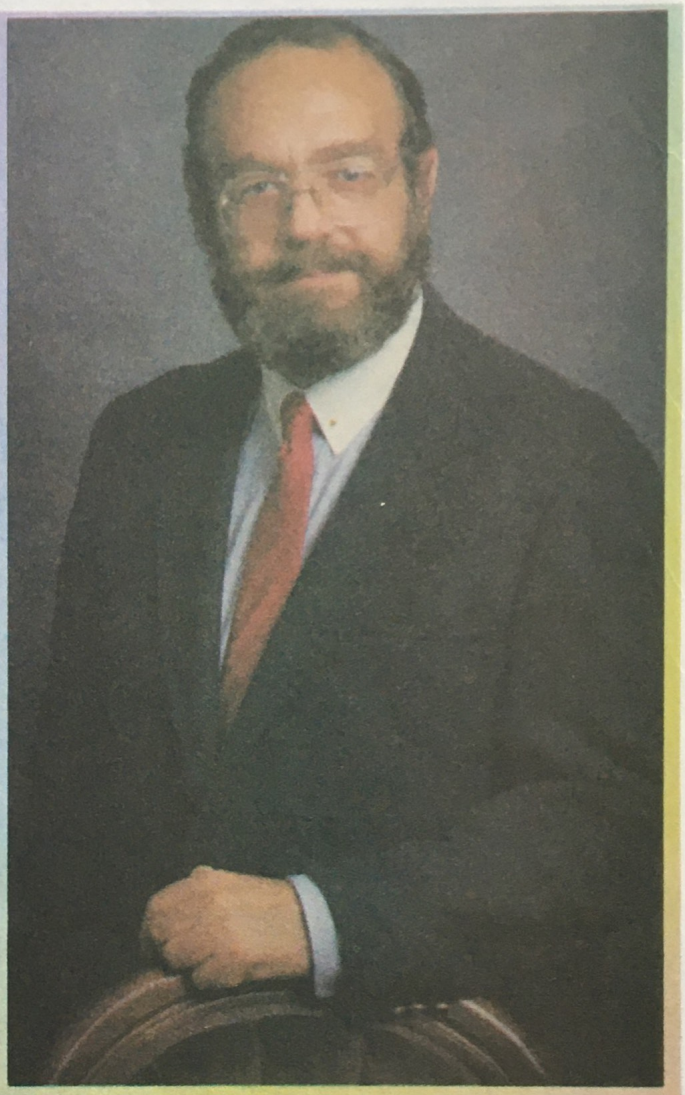
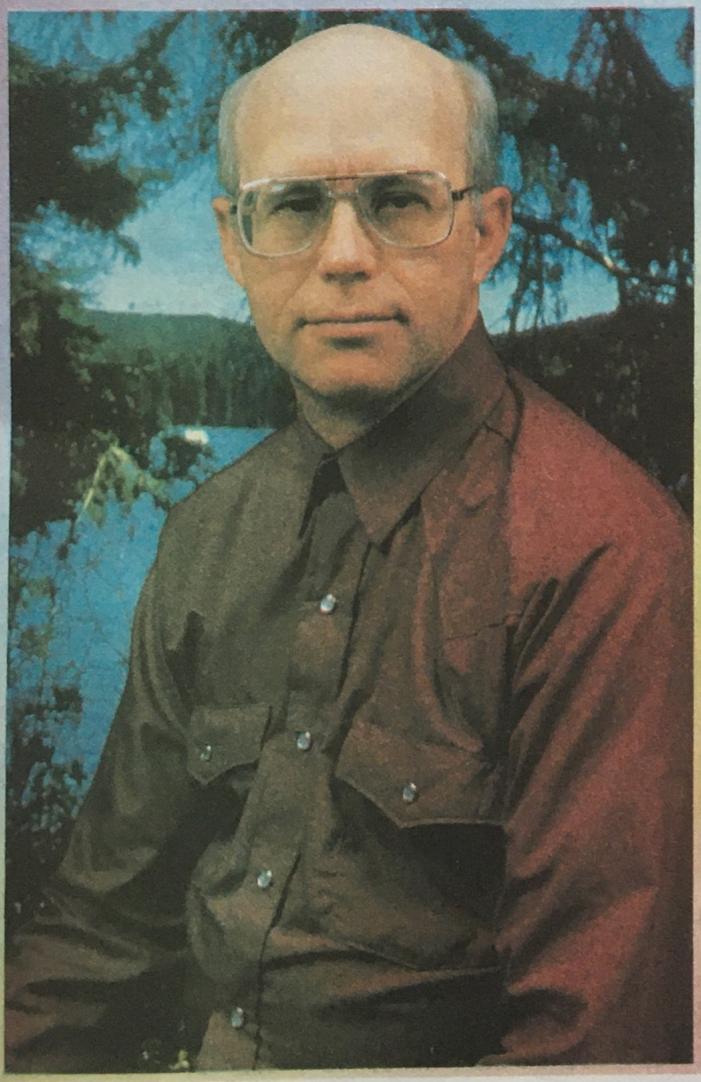
CR IS A CELEBRATION OF THE MATURE MAN IN ALL HIS MANY SIZES, COLORS AND SEXUAL ORIENTATIONS. OUR GOALS ARE TO PUBLISH THE FINEST ADULT ENTERTAINMENT OF INTEREST TO THE MATURE MAN AND HIS MANY ADMIRERS AND TO PROVIDE OUR READERS WITH A CONTACT NETWORK THROUGH WHICH THEY MAY ENRICH THEIR LIVES WITH NEW FRIENDS, LIFEMATES AND A SENSE OF RENEWED DIGNITY AND BELONGING.







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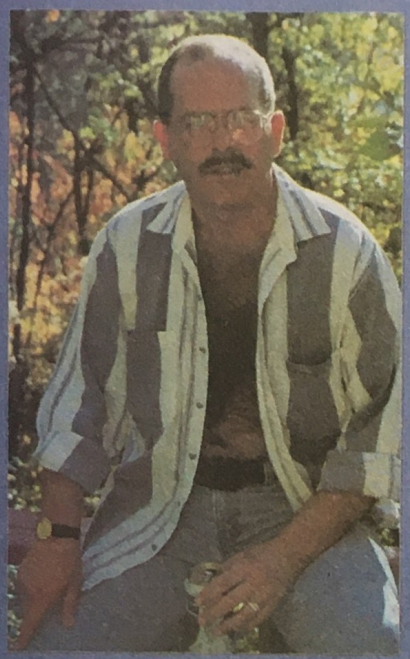
NATE . . . photo by Stefon



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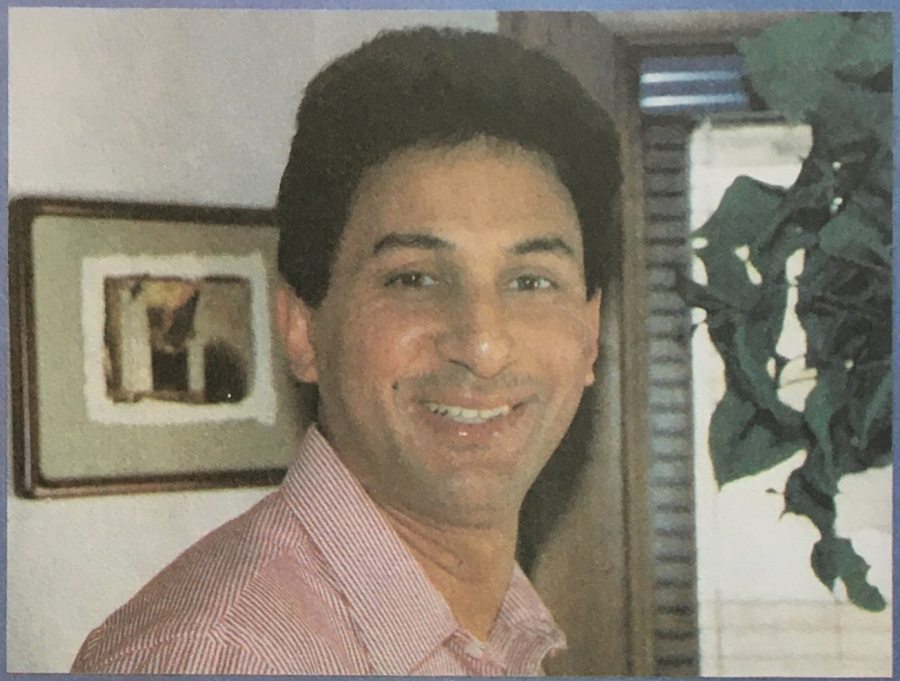
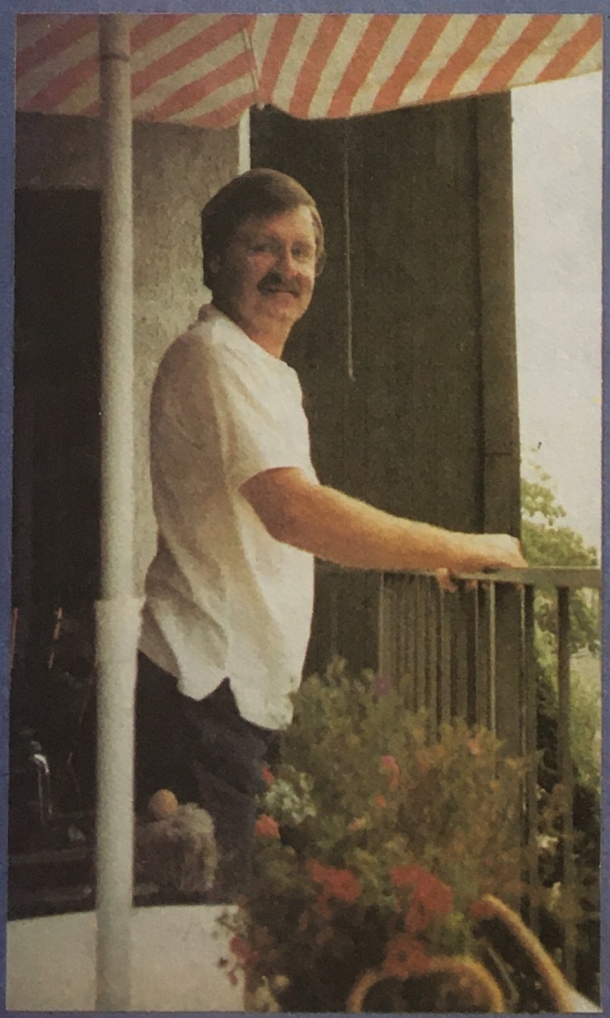
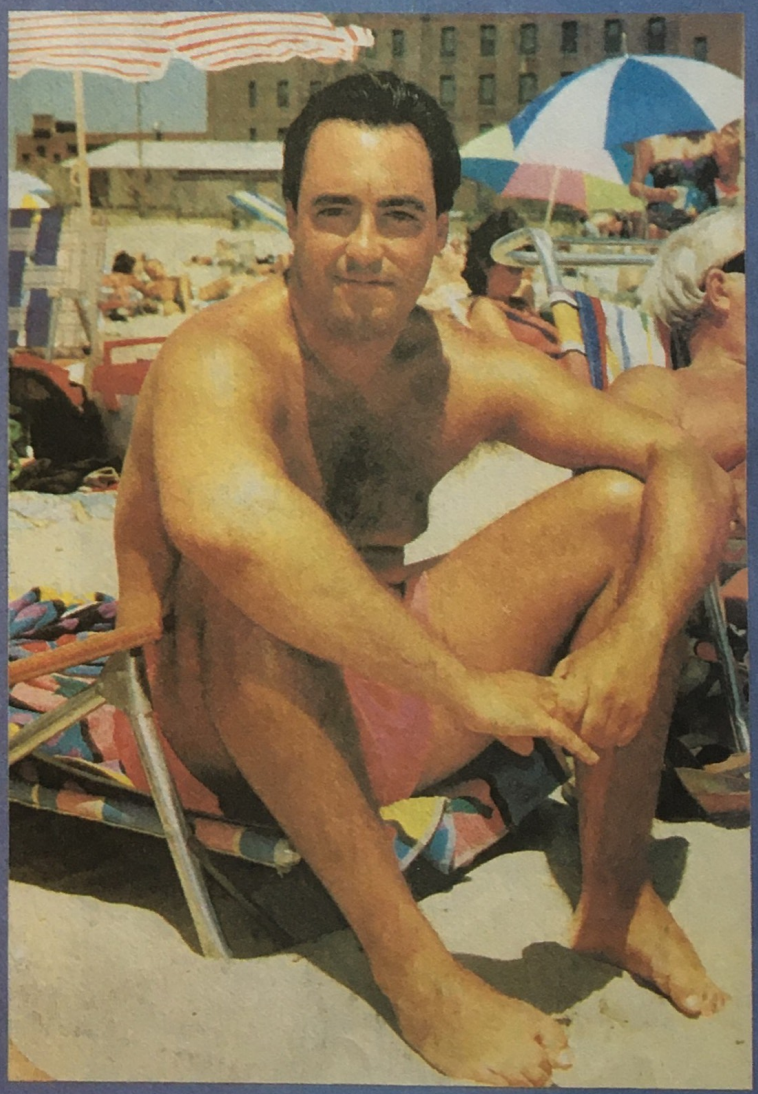


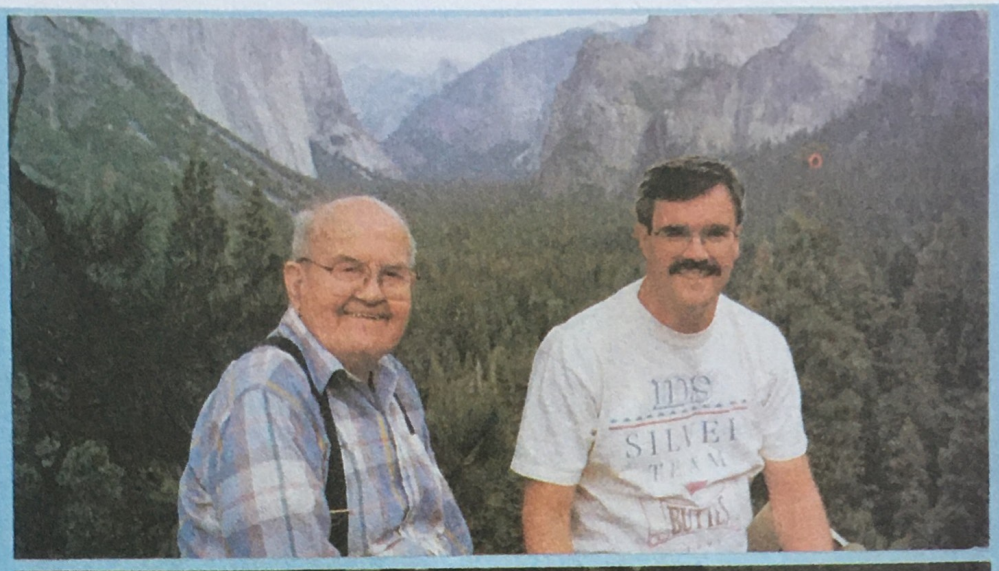


SCOOTER . . . photo by John Bendt



CYGNUS . . . photo by a friend

Couple
ROGER & GENE
photo by Sadie



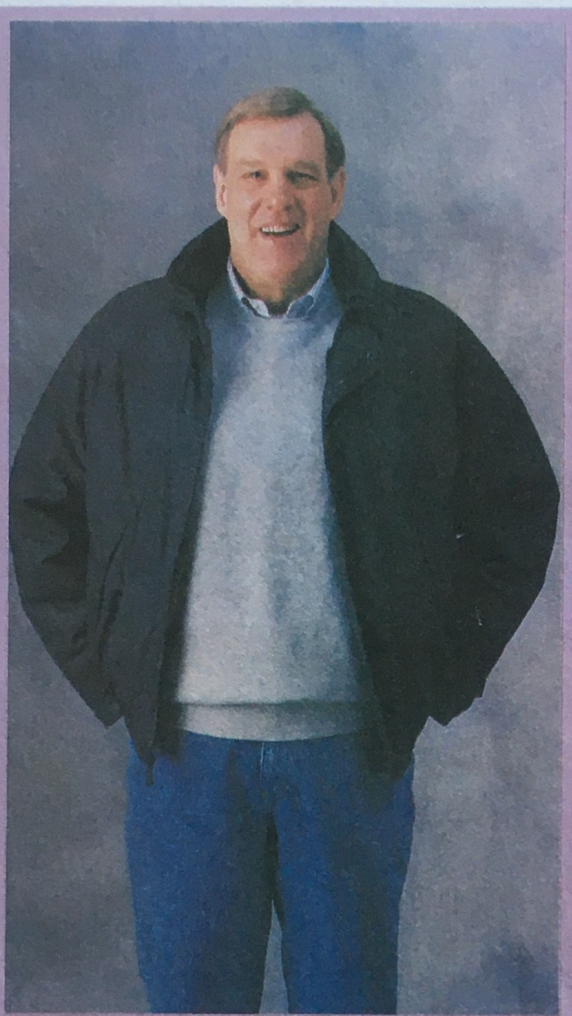
Couple
AVIATOR & FURRY DADDY
photo by
BABY BEAR

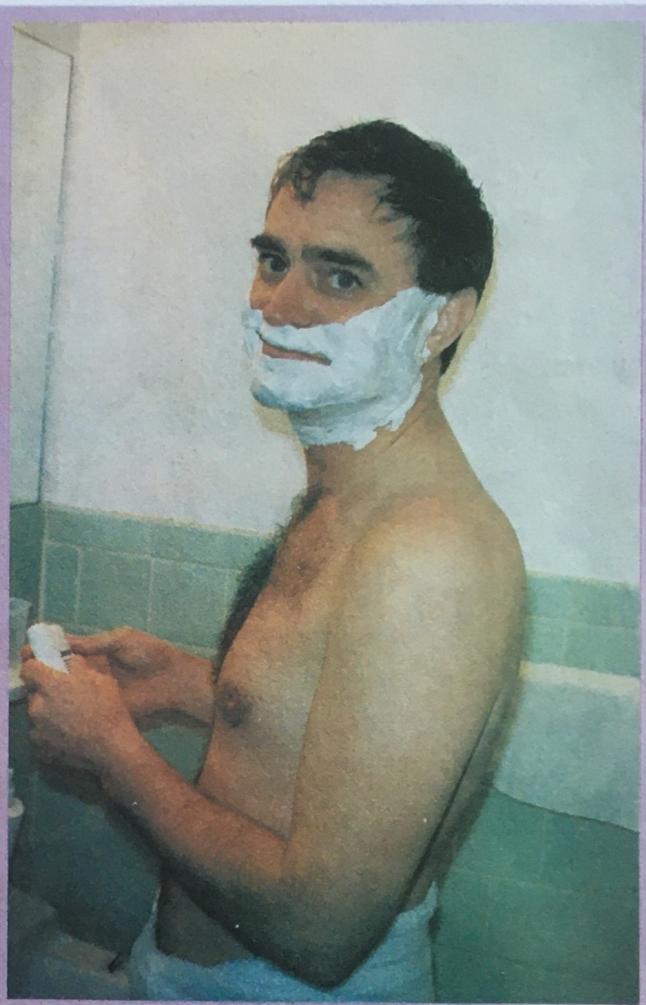
Friends
MADISON & MARSHAL
photo by a friend

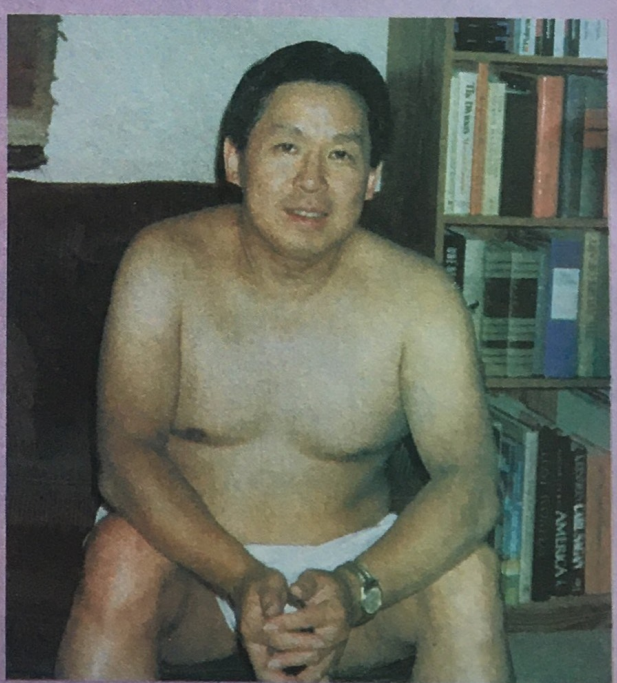
BARRY . . . photo by A. Nony

MATURE AND LOVABLE

PAUL . . . photo by TOMCAT

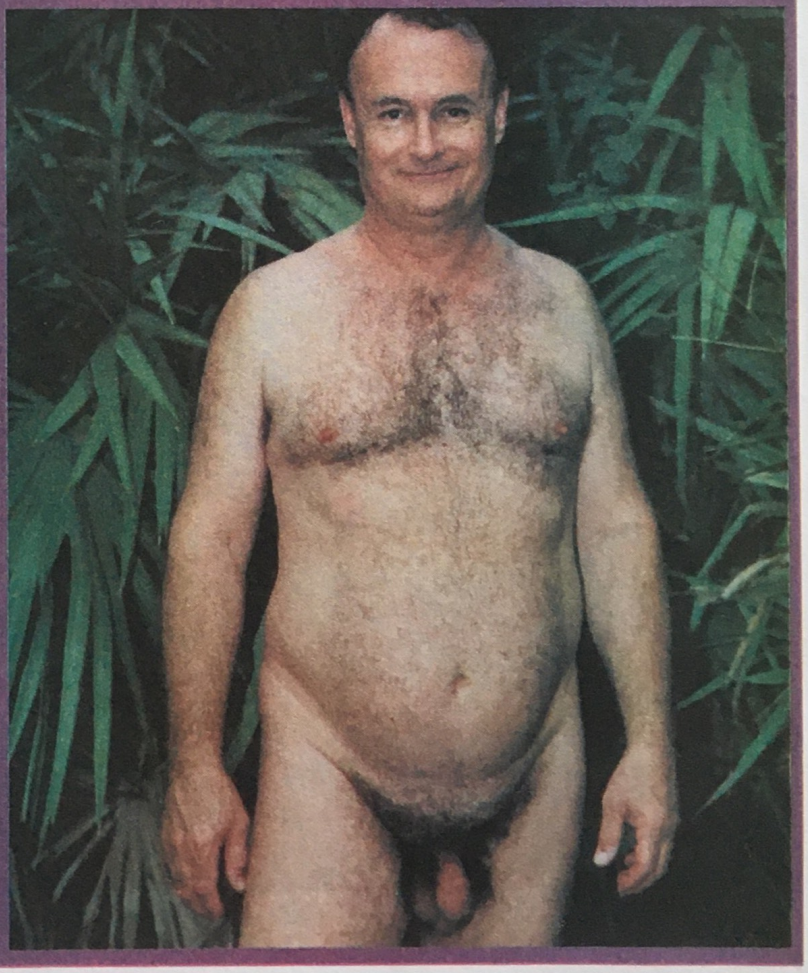






BIG BILL . . . photo by a friend

BLUEJAY . . . photo by HAWFINCH



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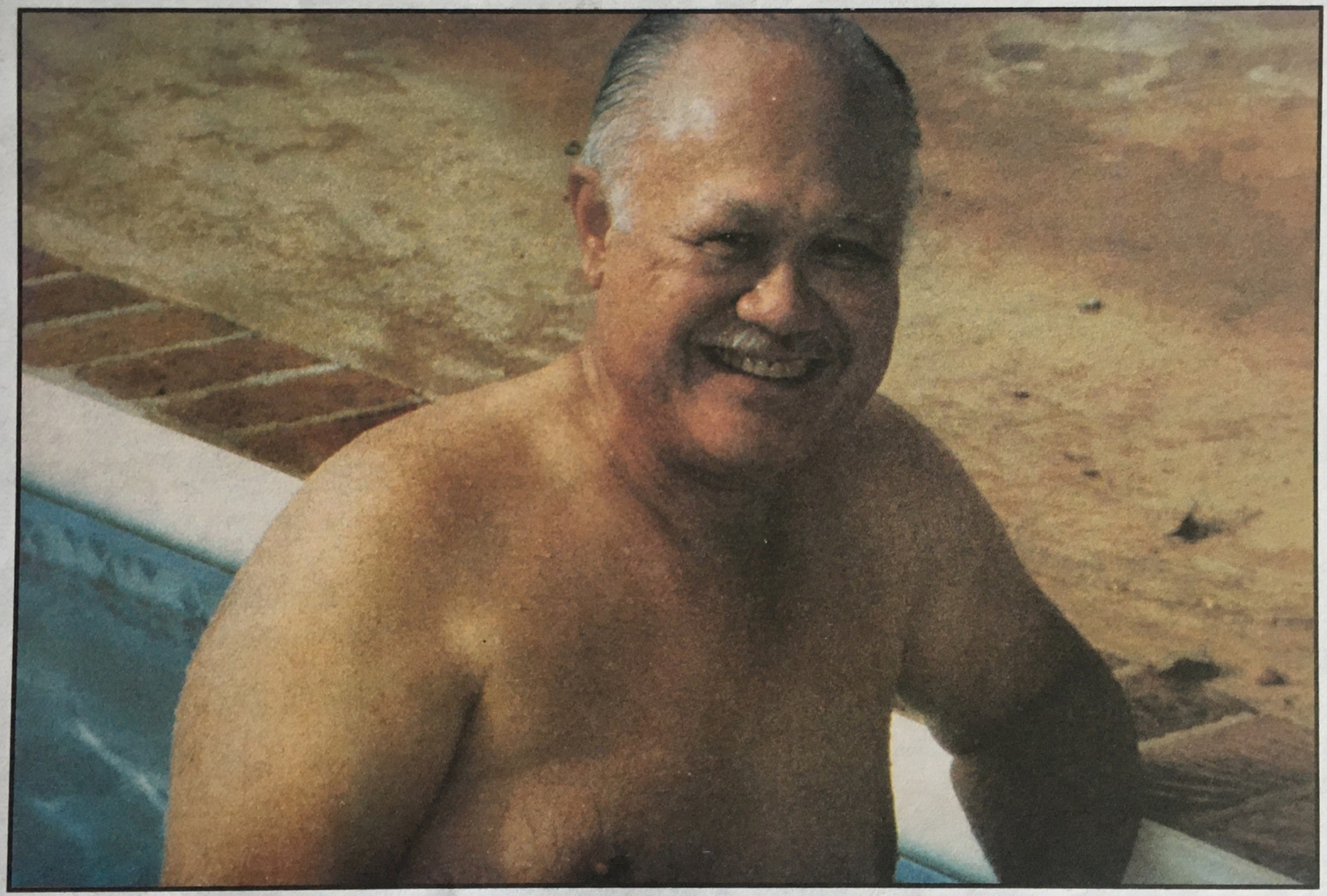

PHOTO BY ALAN

FORUM

THE STIGMA OF THE PLUS SIGN

I have been HIV positive for over nine years, so I'm not sure if I will get a lot of mail. I'm still alive and healthy. I don't smoke or drink—less stress in my life. All of this seems to work. I hope that your readers won't be upset about the honesty of my saying that I am HIV +. If this is a problem, then let me know. K.N./Delaware

The San Francisco Chronicle recently did an article about the widening gap between HIV positives and negatives in the gay community. I was distressed when I read it, because I don't want there to be a gap within our ranks. I certainly don't want K.N./Delaware to think he's wasting his time advertising in CR. Many of our readers (including at least one cover model) are positive and most are very honest about it. A lot of intelligent, compassionate HIV negative men refuse to allow a barrier to go up. Personally, I'd much rather have a safe romantic interlude with a positive than join a pig pen orgy where most have no idea what their status is. PHC

TIME TRAVELERS AND A BIGGER *BIG AD*

Here is my renewal, plus a gift subscription for a deserving C-Riser who is on limited means. I hope it brings some joy and delight to the recipient. You constantly improve. Highest quality! Excellent, thoughtful writing and artwork—Breckenridge, Power and Elf are among my favorites. Where does Elf get his sexy models? CR literature is unique, highly valuable. The adventures, feelings, thoughts, drama and experiences of the CR family provide a pathway for those who will follow after us. There are many coming along right now, though they don't know it yet. All of us are time travelers. When those behind us arrive, they will find places prepared for them by CR pioneers! CR literature/culture merits and needs to be preserved in the annals of humanity. The proposed book publishing venture will help do this. By the way, CR received a very nice complement in *Big Ad* Magazine, which has recently gained weight and is now a full-sized, glossy magazine. Much improved, more models, ads, features, and is better for it. ENTHUSIAST/Chicago

Both Larry Woolwine, publisher of Big Ad *and Rich Bergland, publisher of* Bulk Male *are true entrepreneurs with very sharp business minds and artistic savvy. We greatly respect what they have created and are among their loyal readers. Both men will be among our special guests during the Las Vegas Gathering. PHC*

BAZZA'S TASSIE TIGER

Six years ago I was given a RAM drawing entitled "What do you say we work out in the shower today?" That drawing so excited me that I had to find out the source, which of course turned out to be an American magazine called *Swan*. I duly sent off a subscription for a few issues, and the first to arrive was the August '88 edition. Since then, I have received 40 more issues of *Swan/CR/CR Classics* and admired many of the models, but none have quite come up to the excellence of a RAM drawing. That is, until the 41st copy of your magazine arrived a couple of days ago. For therein, on page 63 top right, appeared TASSIE TIGER, who could have been the model for that first RAM drawing. Even the pose is similar—only minus the cigar. A great shame he lives on the other side of the planet, but at least that first drawing I adored for so long has now been transformed into flesh. All I need now is for a future issue to have a model from the British Isles who resembles another RAM drawing, though I'm told my other half, THE ENGLISH SQUIRE, is not unlike quite a few. RAYMONDO/ENGLAND.

INSPIRATION

I've really enjoyed CR for the past year and am enclosing a check for another year's subscription. As a younger man attracted to older men, it's wonderful to see a publication like CR. The pictures of all those men are exciting, so much so that when your magazine arrives in the mail, my heart beats faster with thoughts of what I will find inside. Although I'm 38, it's only been over the past year that I've come to accept myself for who I am. CR has been a big help to me, not only in providing entertainment, but in showing me through the writings and articles that two men can indeed develop that special friendship/relationship I dream about. I'm now inspired and have gotten up the courage to try my luck at taking out a personal ad in the hopes of finding someone special. Take care, and I look forward to the Gathering in Las Vegas. S.H./Massachusetts

ANOTHER APNEA SUCCESS STORY

I decided to go the surgery route for my sleep apnea. I just thought it would be a pain in the ass to travel with that C-PAP unit ... and not so romantic either. Yes, Apnea is a big deal, as I've found out. It can cause strokes, heart trouble, breathing problems, etc. The older you get, the more

dangerous it is. Heavier people really have a problem. I can definitely see some difference already. I'm dreaming again, something I hadn't done for a long while. Never got into the REM sleep in order to dream. And of course, dreams are the safety valve for emotional health too. I haven't had the follow-up test as yet. My doctor is waiting for the stitches to dissolve completely. Hope Bruce has found satisfaction with the machine. Y'all take care and we'll see you in Vegas. (Model name and location withheld)

This sizzling model will be at the Las Vegas Gathering, no doubt looking for a challenge for his larger throat. Wonder what they did with his uvula? Seriously, this guy is one smart cookie to have his apnea cured before it led to something more serious. I wish a couple of other old friends would do something about their apnea before it kills them. Bruce's C-PAP unit isn't so bad. I can't sleep without the soft sound it makes. The only problem is when we're rudely awakened by an earthquake and I look into the panic-stricken face of a man whose mask makes him look like a tapir. PHC

PRIME TIMERS

One of my friends in Boston told me that you were involved in the creation of Prime Timers in Boston back in the eighties. Others say that you had absolutely nothing to do with it. Who's right? O.B./Ft. Lauderdale

It depends upon how you look at the extent of my involvement. Prime Timers' official founder, the utterly delightful and amazing Woody Baldwin, subscribed to our Swan *Magazine back in March, 1987, when he lived in Boston. Soon thereafter, he began writing a popular column for us called "I Was Just Thinking." We became fast pen-pals, and soon he suggested that* Swan *launch/sponsor regional clubs. He offered to help us start one in Boston as a prototype and started drumming up interest. We both worked on an announcement and were about to head for Boston when an attorney warned us that we were dangerously stretching our liability. So instead of actually sponsoring the club, we did the next best thing and announced its formation in tandem with Woody's press release and ads. On August 15, 1987, 42 mature men showed up at Woody's meeting and Prime Timers was born. We continued to enthusiastically support Woody's venture and were gratified when BIMAN came forward to organize the New York Prime Timers chapter. With Woody's support, the chapter got off to a great start and continues to thrive. The rest is history. Were BIMAN and I instrumental in getting Prime Timers started? Of course we were, but we went on to other things as Woody showed his greatness and worked his butt off making the dream a reality. I just hope that the Prime Timers organization never EVER forgets its founding father, Woody Baldwin. He should be forever revered and have his name etched in bronze. He'll certainly never be forgotten here at CR, where he's an honorary co-founder. PHC*

REWARDS

I'm a recent subscriber, and I've already become friends with one of the models in CR #61. Hopefully this friendship will grow. I was very moved by the compassion and love you demonstrated in procuring the remains of Ron Collier. Your generosity and caring are also expressed in the free subscription to PENNSYLVANIA JOE and the free ad for T.J. Your acts of kindness will not go unrewarded, I am sure. Scotty/Kentucky

CR did all these things. Scotty, Bruce, the contributors, the staff, the ones who donate gift subscriptions—all of us make up CR and are instilled with the compassion and love this publication projects. I was rewarded before the deed: In 1985, I was given Bruce as the love of my life. And it's going to take the rest of my life to earn him. PHC

THE DISPARITY IN CONVENTION REGISTRATION PRICES

I am in a stupor of amazement that supposedly intelligent men could be so grossly stupid about what is required to pull off a convention. Comparing the pricing of various conventions is like comparing prices for restaurants. Do these imbeciles really believe that a classy eatery should offer $1.99 specials just because McDonald's does? Are Pat and Bruce supposed to throw these shindigs at cost? I've done conventions, and I can assure CR readers that the expense for name tags, postage, supplies, telephone, travel—not to mention the time consumed (time is money): hundreds of hours of planning and coordinating—can be staggering for a convention of 900 men. CR is a business, and businessmen are supposed to get paid for their time. If Pat and Bruce lived in Hollywood Hills instead of a manufactured home in the Mojave Desert, I wouldn't bother writing this letter. But all I see is a new glossy cover on CRC#4, and that tells me where these guys' priorities lie. I don't see anyone else out there going through hell so that we can hold annual conventions in celebration of the mature man. You think that smaller organizations charging half as much as CR don't make a profit? Dream on, idiots. The whining in G & M newsletters about the disparity in costs between the regional conventions and the New York Convergence makes me want to puke. If you haven't attended class conventions like the CR Gatherings or Girth & Mirth Convergences, then shut up and eat your charred hot dog. J.B./New York

RAPTURE IN PHOENIX

Thanks to your fantastic magazine, I am now in Phoenix with the one I love and who loves me. Thank you again. We have been together since October, and life gets better each day. Model SMITTY (Issue #54)

THE VIEW FROM NORTHRIDGE

I've been looking for a new apartment since the earthquake destroyed my building. Fortunately I found a new apartment house the end of March. Please see my change of address. I lived in New Jersey for a long time and was very happy. Then I moved to California four years ago. Right now nothing is fun except CR. I eagerly await your next mailing. A.Y./Chatsworth (previously Northridge, CA)

As far as we can determine, only two or three subscribers had to move due to the earthquake. Several others are making repairs and staying in spite of the relentless aftershocks. Apparently none of our guys were hurt. PHC

BLOOD CHOICE

Northridge wasn't the only disaster that affected our family of readers. The Midwest floods and Hurricane Andrew caused a whole lot of suffering as well. One couple in Florida lost their lucrative airline service company because Pan Am went belly up, then Andrew hit, destroying what was left. At a time when most people are retiring, these two seniors (and partners for over 30 years) had to start over again. In spite of this and the fact that their friends forgot them in their time of need, they took the time to offer our readers some profound health advice in appreciation of their extended gift subscription:

I want to tell you just a little about autologous blood. In California the law states that your doctor must offer you the choice of homologous blood (donated by others) or autologous blood (your own, stored). There is no such law here in Florida. There should never be an argument or contest as to which choice to make. The blood supply in the blood banks is screened, but not very well. The archives are not maintained as they should be. Many diseases are screened, such as AIDS and some forms of hepatitis, but the banks can't screen out all of them—not even all the strains of AIDS. When you are going to have major surgery which will require two units of blood or more, you should prepare to store your own blood for use during the surgery. You can't give yourself a disease you don't already have. The immune system isn't affected, and the recuperation period is half the time. Your body does not recognize your own blood as foe, as it would someone else's blood. This is very important, so members of the CR Family, don't take the chance! D.S. & M.D./Florida

I WANT MY REFUND NOW!

This is my second request for a refund of my registration fee, minus any administrative cost, for your Spring Gathering. After registering, I found that circumstances will preclude my attendance. You had no trouble cashing my check but seem to have some problem in honoring my request for a refund. May I please have the courtesy of an immediate response with my refund? If I do not hear from you within one week of receipt of this letter, I will assume you have no intention of refunding my money and proceed with any legal means available to me. A.A.G./Florida

Try this tactic with any other organization, and I guarantee they will call your bluff. A.A.G.'s whopping $65 refund was sent two days before we received his second notice, but he'll probably boast to his friends that his threat of "legal action" did the trick. Please, gentlemen, be patient and understand that because of back-to-back issues and the gathering, we are very much behind with correspondence. We've never knowingly cheated anyone and always more than make up for our mistakes.

THE MAGIC OF CR'S DENNY, BIG MAC AND FIDDLER

Just finished reading the latest issue of CR and, as usual, didn't put it down till I had read it from cover to cover. Which means I have to wait another whole month till CR CLASSICS #4 comes out. It seems to me that I'm involved in a "Catch 22" here. I really wish I could learn to read only part of the magazine at a time so I would have something to read the day after I receive this fabulous magazine. I just can't believe that everything that goes into CR is so well-written and couldn't even think of the words to describe all of the lovely models. I must admit that they don't all appeal to me sexually, but I know that every one of them have their own admirers out there. So please don't ever discontinue any age group. I'm sure that they are all very beautiful inside and wish that they all find what they're looking for through the CR family. Which gets me to the real reason that I'm writing this letter to you. I want to personally thank you for introducing your staff members BIG MAC and DENNY to a friend of ours. We all brought in the New Year together and have all become very good friends since. It's really amazing how far the hands of the CR family can reach. You see, since we met them, my relationship has improved drastically and it couldn't have happened at a better time. My lover is getting ready to retire in about two months. We now have entered into an open relationship. In addition to this we also met another CR staff member through them: FIDDLER. We invited him to our St. Patrick's Day party along with Denny and Mac, who introduced Fiddler to one of our friends

who recently lost his lover of 30 years. Our friend would stay home alone all week long and alternate between watching the news on television and staring at the four walls. He began to slow down and seemed to perk up only when we came by to take him out to dinner. But now that he's met Fiddler, our friend has more spring in his step, a gleam in his eyes, and a new-found purpose in life. Fiddler even took him to Las Vegas, and both came back with smiles on their faces. I just figured they must have gotten into a pillow fight, because both appeared to be tickled pink. M.G./Orange County CA

Our production crew (CISCO KID, BAREKAT, DENNY, BIG MAC and FIDDLER) consists of five of the nicest guys you could ever meet. Production Manager Cisco is straight and on salary, but he's a peach and loves working here. The others are volunteers who truly enjoy helping us get the issues out and spreading love and the word about CR. They will be helping us out at the Gathering, while Cisco and lovely wife Mary will be holding down the fort and baby-sitting Sammi and Zelda. PHC

A MESSAGE FROM PUG

I usually start off my letters saying how much I hate earthquake country; however, knowing that you two are very pro-California, I will keep my thoughts to myself. On March 26th, on my usual walk down to the ocean, I was taken with excruciating chest pains and nausea and was fortunately taken to a V.A. hospital only a mile or so away from where my daughter lives. It was a full-fledged heart attack and I was in intensive care for six days then moved to a beautiful room, which I shared with an interesting guy, 68 or so. He'd recently sailed in a small sail boat with another guy, going from L.A. to Tahiti. Very congenial chap and I enjoyed the food, the service and the conversation—so much so that when it was time to be released, I was almost sorry to go. I drop in again tomorrow morning for a treadmill test and a check-up to see what all the various medications have done for me. Me, who for 81 years never so much as took an aspirin! Please do me a big favor by sending the two new issues with stories of mine direct to my friend in Iowa who has all my published writings stored away in his attic. As for "fan mail," I would love to have it sent to me here at my daughter's place in Santa Monica. I need the gentle caress of kind words from a fan. I keep looking to get back to the Midwest, but meanwhile I am sharing with my daughter and enjoying her tender loving care and nourishing food (she's a health nut). Stay well. Love and best. PUG SNIDER

Pug has had a rough go of it lately. The reason he moved from northern Illinois to California is because he lost his younger lifemate of many years to cancer. We wish him the best and hope that his health improves. He means a lot to us. PHC

LOW HANGERS

Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! I'm one of those who dearly love the "low hangers," and your model R.B. REAL (CR#59 and 60) suited my fantasies to a tee. Not only do I love the low hangers, but any man as good-looking as he and over age 70 will get a head turn out of me, clothes or no. Keep it up. Though I know that your great rag is dedicated to the older guys, I feel the majority of your readers still prefer the younger end of mature. I, on the other hand, wish you would attempt to get some models who are in the 85 to 95-year-old range. I know that locating those who would like to model and who are that age might be difficult, though. If you would, or could, try and have at least one model in each issue that is 75 plus. It would make me and those others that respect the genteelness of maturity very happy. Mark/Richmond, VA

Recently I purchased CR #60 at my local book store and did I ever get some bang for my buck! My intent was to buy *Bear*, but to no avail. Not a copy in sight. Granted, the same old tired twinkie rags just sat there. Disappointed, I turned to the alternative life-style section, and peeking out from behind an *Advocate* was CR #60. I picked it up, thumbed through it, put it back and rushed back to grab one that was still wrapped in cellophane. Once I got home, I ripped that sucker open and went page-by-page, absorbing everything. By the time I got to page 33, BRUNO in all his glory, I was jumping out of my clothes and had things well in hand. R.B. REAL and his low hangers really had me going. HERMAN THE GERMAN and his frankfurter sent me into a "spritzing" frenzy. You guys really capture everything I look for in daddy/oldster types. Also worth mention are JOE and UNICORN. What fine specimens of package-toting papas. I think it might be time for CR to take *Daddy* Magazine's place on my night stand. T.M./Atlanta

Aw, don't make a choice. Keep BOTH magazines on your night stand. PHC

THE SAN FRANCISCO POTLUCK

It was a pleasure to meet you and Bruce at Carl's wonderful potluck in February. You both are exactly as I expected. I wasn't the least bit surprised by all the admiration and affection bestowed upon you as you greeted everyone. What did surprise me was the negative comments by some loud mouth who claimed to know you well but dislikes you intensely. He made several rancid comments, but no one paid him any mind. This disturbed me and I asked an acquaintance of the man what he had against you and Bruce. He said: "Nothing. He's a very negative, insecure person and feels he has to drop names to get attention. Since he can't stand himself, let alone anyone else, he wants to impress everyone with intimate trash talk about

Pat and Bruce, none of it true." Why was this asshole invited? Did you know that he has a CR discounted reservation at the Aladdin but has no intention of registering with you? (initials and location withheld)

The man alluded to was our house guest twice, but when we were not available for his third visit, we suddenly became scum. He lives alone and will no doubt stay that way. We're indifferent to this type of person and have neither the time nor inclination to reciprocate the hostility. We have seen his name on the Aladdin delegate list, but his room rate will double as soon as the hotel finds out he's not one of us. PHC

The CR potluck was really great. Never in my life have I ever seen a nicer group of men under one roof. I finally had a chance to meet you and Bruce. Bruce is one sweet guy, and I can't say anything new about him that has not been written before. Many, many thanks to CARL LAWRENCE *[cover model for #60]* for organizing the dinner. He did a hell of a good job. I hope this is the final word about what kind of photos you should print in CR. I am a lover of older (or should we say mature) men. My age is 55, so now I am at that age also. But you have to have younger guys in your magazine too. Never have I had so much attention shown to me by younger people as at the potluck. I was very flattered to have that much attention. Then I finally realized that I was in their shoes at that age, but there were no organizations or magazines for mature men then. If I just see one picture of a mature man in CR I am quite happy. But there is always more than one. Thank you for CR. It has filled a void in my life. So keep on doing what you are doing, and please don't change it. By the way, enclosed you will find some pictures of my lifemate of 30 years. He's 80 but is much younger in other ways. If you can use the photos, fine. They were taken by me and I call him "T.O.M." (the old man) in jest. Thanks. PAISAN/Northern California

Both John and I want to say how great it was to finally meet you both in the flesh. What a treat. It's always a revelation when you meet face-to-face, and it's always that much more exciting when the "real person" is every bit as nice and real as the phone personality. For me, it was an amazing evening, my first party of this type. Yes, I've been to big soirees with friends down in Carmel Valley and even though I certainly didn't know everyone there, the comfort of knowing a couple of people was always a safety net. John was actually more outwardly nervous that I was, but when we arrived all of our "fears" were put to rest. The CR family is indeed that. Had a nice conversation with THE BANKER, whom I'd never had the nerve to stop on the street when I'd seen him in San Francisco (I believe in protecting one's private spaces). MICHAEL OF GERMANY was every bit the character and hunk that his photos display, even with his surprising leather treatment. BABY BEAR had all of us "hallway hangers" cracking up with playful dishing and an occasional squeeze of a passing bear or three. PAPA BEAR was also warm wishing. Looking behind that counter, it was neat to see BAY AREA TOP dishing out the grub alongside gathering host CARL LAWRENCE. Thanks again for putting this together, CARL! Gosh. It was really something to see such a bunch of guys together in one room. Even John, who doesn't go for big parties, had a fun time. Everyone looked even better in person than in their photos, some surprisingly taller and shorter than I'd imagined. A splendid time seemed to be had by all. FINNEY EDWARDS/SF Bay Area

It works both ways. Meeting CARL, FINNEY, JOHN and all the others was a real joy, and they are delightful men. I like to meet celebrities as well as anyone else, and all the people mentioned above are celebrities in my book. Every time I meet MICHAEL, PAPA BEAR, BAY AREA TOP and THE BANKER, I feel compelled to ask for their autographs. Great star quality! PHC

FANTASY AND DIVERSITY

I wanted to write and let you know how much I appreciate your magazine. I am 29 years old, a white male in college getting my degree in education. I am married and I love my wife very much, but there is a part of me that she will never be able to satisfy. Your magazine helps satisfy that need. I am monogamous and will probably never contact anyone through your classifieds, but I have a rich fantasy life. In my mind, I have slept with many of your models. My favorite lover is older, bearded, with round pecs and a big belly, and a smile just for me. I see him again and again in your pages—different faces, but the same spirit. I wish that I could have a subscription and even order some of the wonderful looking films you advertise, but I cannot. I wish the world were different, but since it is not, I must make sure I conform to it. I am very happy and I probably would not change even if I could. I do think I prefer the slick pages to the newsprint, but I'm sure you had your reasons for making the change. Either way, I will be a reader of your product for a long time to come. I know you cannot print my letter, but I know I'm not alone in my feelings. I hope you get this so you will know as well. L. C. (location withheld)

As a matter of fact, L.C. isn't alone by a long shot. We've heard from (and I've personally met) a sizeable number of male manlovers who have yet to consummate a sexual act with a man. Many never will, because a good fantasy can lead to great autoerotic fulfillment. On the other end of the spectrum, we know of asexual men who are just looking for spiritual and social bonding with other men, and heterosexual couples who find us much more palatable and educational than our openly gay activist counterparts. I'm convinced that sexual attraction is much more complex

than any of us could imagine. Bruce and I are very proud that CR can be of service to such a rich diversity. PHC

BEEP BEEP

I've started buying CR in my book store again. A powerful improvement from early last year. The bar mentioned in Issue 60 (Chardee's in Ft. Lauderdale) is king of the senior adult class and packed every Friday night. All shapes and sizes. Keep up the great work, but stop blowing your own horn on how great your mag is. It gets to be a turn-off reading about it. C. P./Ft. Lauderdale

ON SWIMMING TO VENEZUELA, PAPA BEAR, D.W. BRECKENRIDGE AND RELATIONSHIPS

I just reread *Swimming to Venezuela* (CRC#2) for the second time in eight months. It's better the second time around. I think I got caught up in the adventure, so I read it rapidly the first time. The second time I could savor the little touches which make it a well-written love story also. I guess you could turn Byron into a woman and sell it readily for the movies, but I hope you don't. It's too good to spoil. I enclosed another check for $3. I have issues 58, 59 and 60, but I need to get 57 so I can read the article by PAPA BEAR on coming out to your children. Please forward the enclosed note to D. W. BRECKENRIDGE. He wrote a shamelessly romantic story which touched the heart of this 64-year-old widower, who now has a wonderful lover (also a widower) because of your magazine. We are going to Las Vegas and will take pleasure in meeting you and many others who are becoming like old friends to us through your magazine. I am an Episcopal priest, looking forward to retirement next year. When my life settles down, I should be available to help others who have found it a painful world in which to live alone. In addition, I want to write on relationships. Six years ago my wife died. We presented a weekend crash course on straight relationships. The principles are the same whether we are in heterosexual or homosexual relationships. (I proved that with my first lover, who remains dear though physically separated by 150 miles.) If you would like to see something for publication on dating, or the day-to-day living out a relationship, please let me know. I am not out to my congregation, but I am to most of the gay men and women in my area. There is much both my partner and I could say to thank you for your efforts, your talent, and the work of your staff and fellow artists. Shy of saying something running over another five pages, let me just say ...*Au revoir*, PARSON BROWN/(location withheld)

We'd love to see something for publication on dating or the day-to-day living out a relationship. Wouldn't you, readers? PHC

AND NOW HE KNOWS THAT IT MATTERED ALL ALONG

I'm sorry I'm so late in writing to thank you for publishing "A Chance Encounter" in #60. I've been gadding about the country since the beginning of February, relishing my retirement, and will be leaving for a week in St. Maarten in the Caribbean in two weeks. I want to thank you specially for forwarding the four letters I've received concerning the story. As you know, I've seldom received any mail concerning my previous stories in CR, yet those four letters, along with your strong, caring support, have been so important in motivating me to pick up the writing tools and begin writing again. To be honest, I hadn't written a word for the last six months. And I had no real intention of trying to create again. Writing had ceased to become an important expression within my life. Besides your personal support, I wasn't sure if what I wrote really mattered to anyone. The spark had disappeared and I was finding so many other enjoyable ways to fill my time. And as you very well know, writing is a difficult and not always rewarding task. But within those four letters, four different individuals indicated how deeply that brief story had touched them, how that story had said something important about their own lives and experiences. I was humbled by their revelations and their sincere thoughts. Those expressions of sincere care have brought me back to the arduous task of writing again. Writing somehow seems very important again, and now I'm taking an even bigger chance. I've applied to a writer's consortium for a mentorship in a new program for "unknown and struggling" gay and lesbian writers. I probably will not be one of the eight writers selected, but I really do care again about the art of writing. If I managed to touch the lives of four men with that last story, then the continued act of writing is important. I've never sought praise or attempted to use writing as an ego-inflater, but I did need to know that those stories meant something to someone other than yourself over the past four years. I think I now have that answer. Thank you for all your support and time. My life certainly would have been very different had I not chanced upon CR that one broiling summer day in A Brother's Touch bookstore! See you in Las Vegas. D.W. BRECKENRIDGE/Minneapolis

Landing BRECKENRIDGE as a contributing writer was one of our crowning achievements. You can't imagine how relieved we are to know that he's returned to his word processor. PHC

DEPRESSION

I was glad to see your piece on Depression in CR #59 (HEALTH). I understand that people over 60 are much more likely to suffer from depression than any other age group. They are also the least likely to acknowledge the illness. Many older people tend to consider depression to be a symptom of weakness or laziness. They don't think of it as a medical illness. Of course, most doctors

don't help matters much. The average M.D. generally doesn't look beyond physical complaints or ask the type of probing questions that would reveal depression. Granted, some physical illnesses (diabetes, hypothyroidsm, liver dysfunction, kidney disease) can cause depression in the elderly by altering the chemical balance in the brain, but doctors should look at the whole picture. Depression should be suspected in an older person who experiences frequent crying bouts, is continually sad or irritable, develops sleeping or eating problems, dwells on death or loses interest in previously pleasurable activities. I look forward to your promised in-depth article on the subject. A.F./Cleveland

CR writer Harley Jones has submitted an in-depth article on depression, including a review of the best-selling book, Listening to Prozac *by Peter D. Kramer. We will be publishing it soon. PHC*

CRC #4: PRELIMINARY REACTIONS

What a shocker! You completely knocked me off my feet with that incredible cover picture of EX-LOGGER—in glossy, no less! You guys amaze me. Here I was expecting a matte finish with some slightly more risque fiction and photos, and you blow me away with a return to glossy, gut-wrenching fiction (some of the best I've ever read) and photos bordering on hard core. Are you making money hand over fist or just boldly going for broke? G.R./Los Angeles

We're boldly going for it. The Doc told me to either hire out/contract for about half of what I was personally doing or risk the consequences. In expensive California, hiring The Cisco Kid (part time, no less), contracting for more editing and layout, and upgrading to glossy costs us another ***25 grand plus*** *per year. Having paid off the Aladdin hotel in advance, the amount left over (you know, that outrageous profit we were supposed to make off the Gathering) will barely pay for this issue. And that, dear readers, is why we're going back into the video business, like all the other alternative magazines. No one turns a profit on publications except those that are crammed with commercial ads. PHC*

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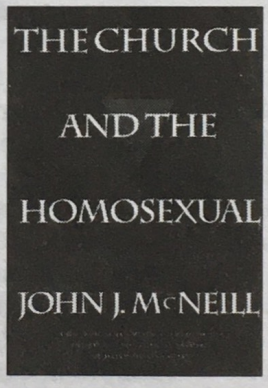

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ANNOUNCEMENTS, NEWS ITEMS, AND OTHER REVELATIONS

CR'S LATEST SURVEY RESULTS

We placed a mini-survey on the bottom of our renewal forms over the past four issues and received 503 responses. Since surveys with far fewer responders make the network news, we figured that our data is just as viable as anyone else's. The results:

CR subscribers are members of:

Prime Timers - 9%
SAGE - 2%
Girth & Mirth - 5%
Other Senior - 1%
No Organization - 83%

CR subscribers who would support a paperback book publishing venture:

Would - 37%
Wouldn't - 43%
Not Sure - 20%

How subscribers were introduced to CR:

Advocate Classifieds article and ad campaigns in *Advocate Classifieds* and *Advocate Men* Magazines - 9%
Magazine racks - 17%
Word of mouth - 74%

CASHING IN ON THE BEAR PHENOMENON

We have to hand it to Rich Bulger, founder and publisher of *Bear* Magazine. He recognized an untapped market and grabbed it before anyone else did. Today the magazine is in great demand all over the world and looks pretty classy.

Unfortunately (or fortunately, depending upon whom you ask), there is now a massive "bear movement," complete with subgroups, myriad bear clubs, and a plethora of magazines containing the word "bear" in the title. But the movement may produce some infighting and a few casualties eventually.

Some Girth & Mirth newsletter editors are concerned that the bear clubs are causing a decline in G & M membership. In the past, a lot of stocky, hairy men and admirers had only the G & M clubs for support. Now they're defecting to the bear clubs, ostensibly because they don't want to be identified with the non-furry big man and super chubs.

Bear Magazine's registered trademark seems to have little effect against other publishers using the word "bear", and a handful of new magazines are boasting that their publications will better serve the bear movement. We told you about *Daddybear* Magazine in our last issue, and now there is another: *American Bear* Magazine. They haven't begun publishing yet, but they're introducing themselves with some pretty flashy stationary.

There was talk that *Prime* Magazine (Big Bear Media) had gone belly up, but the rumor is false. Their box was closed accidentally and the post office sent mail back stamped "Box Closed." The first issue is all set to go to press, but there are still some legal aspects to straighten out. The publisher assures me that anyone wishing a refund should contact *Prime* at P.O. Box 76826, Washington, DC 20013-6826 and ask for one. Those who wish to await the premier of the magazine should be patient for a few more months.

CHIRON, THE HEAVENLY BODY

Lowell Observatory's Marc Buie is using the technique of "occultation" to study a comet-like object in orbit near Pluto called Chiron (not to be confused with Pluto's moon Charon). Buie, an expert on Pluto and its moon, uses the Hubble telescope to study their sizes and features. His recently completed occultation study of Chiron suggests that its minimum size is 103 miles across, making it one of the largest comets ever found. Buie says that as Chiron passed in front of a star, it dimmed 80% of the starlight for 7.5 seconds. His team, predicting that the next occultation would occur in Brazil, took their special portable cameras and headed to South America. At the last minute, they discovered the occultation would only be visible from South Africa. "I spent eight weeks preparing for it and in the end I've got nothing. In this intensely competitive field, that hurts," says Buie. "But when you win, you win big, and you can change something fundamental about what we know of the universe."

For those of you who thought we chose a stupid name to replace *Swan*, think again. Our namesake will make a lot of news someday, especially when it collides with Pluto. (Just kidding!)

THE RESURRECTION OF THE SWAN VIDEOS

Since we discontinued the unbelievably successful Swan Videos back in the late eighties, we've received well over 1,000 letters urging us to reconsider our decision. Many offered big bucks for an under-the-table copy of "Triplex" or "Centaur Six", but we stood by our decision and released ROB DADEO and SYRINX from their contracts. Since then, the videos have become cult classics and copies of copies have made the rounds world-wide. Unfortunately, most

copies existing today have deteriorated so much that they look more like faded old 16 mm film than video. But all that's about to change.

We've negotiated new contracts with Rob Dadeo and Syrinx and have re-released the entire contents of "Triplex" and the T.V. Repairman segment of "Centaur Six," both starring Rob Dadeo and Syrinx. The 3/4" master tapes have been bumped up to state-of-the-art masters and duplicated on equipment that didn't exist when the videos were first released. The new video is called "Quadraplex" and is now available by mail order. (see ad in the back of this issue and EXOCET's review). Negotiations are now underway to have the video reformatted and distributed to retail outlets throughout Europe, Japan and Australia.

But that's not all! CR will shortly begin production of an unusual series of videos featuring older men and their admirers. Story lines will be well-crafted and unique, and the uncensored eroticism will be in real time. There will be no long and drawn out "filler." Our own MARSHAL will do the original musical scores and our director will be a C-Riser who is already a successful Hollywood script supervisor and director. We have already filmed footage of HERMAN THE GERMAN and will be doing some shooting in Las Vegas. Location shoots are being considered—some as far away as Australia.

We will be launching an advertising campaign to sell "Quadraplex," but you might want to tell your friends so they can beat the rush.

SITE FOR SPRING GATHERING '95 CHOSEN

Ruling out cities like Chicago and New York because of staggering hotel and catering rates, we contacted convention bureaus in several other eastern and midwestern cities in our search for the next spring convention. Narrowing it down to Baltimore, Orlando and New Orleans, we solicited bids from several hotels and found that nothing in the east or midwest beats Orlando for value and quality of entertainment. And wouldn't you know, the best hotel for us is still the Twin Towers. We expect more than a thousand guys for this one, but we can't risk guaranteeing more than 500 rooms (if they don't fill, CR has to pay!). See the back of this issue for more details.

At this point, we want to back away from our recent promise to have two conventions a year. There is talk of a fairly big regional gathering in San Francisco in October of this year and an outrageous Sunday through Tuesday "blow out" at State Line, Nevada in September of '95. Also Prime Timers will be having their convention October of '95 in Dallas. Any day now we expect to hear about an eastern regional gathering being organized by New York's or Chicago's version of CARL LAWRENCE.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING CR #61 ISSUES

A couple of years ago we began to receive a lot of complaints relative to non-receipt of certain issues. We took our problem to our local post master, who informed us that we had to file form number so and so. We spent hours filling out useless, time-consuming forms that only got filed away anyway. Finally, the local postmaster became concerned and wrote a letter to the regional postal inspector. We followed up with that agency and were told that a "plant" would be installed in the San Bernardino facility (complaints were coming in from all over, so it was pretty obvious that either our local facility or the regional distribution center was where the theft was taking place). Just weeks later, the complaints stopped cold, and, except for the usual handful of lost or stolen (from the receiver's end) issues, it stayed that way for nearly two years.

Now we're being hit with a swarm of complaints over non-receipt of #61. This time, however, a pattern has emerged which leads us to suspect that we could have screwed up somehow. Except for one subscriber who had a 10/94 code on his label, all the complaints have come from subscribers with 11/94 on their address label. That would indicate that either that code was somehow left out of the address label print run or there is a forgotten tub of envelopes on some post office dock, begging for someone's attention. Instead of waiting for more complaints to come through, we shipped copies of #61 to everyone with the 11/94 code on April 25th. We would appreciate some feedback from our subscribers so that we can track down the error and make sure it does not happen again. If you have the 11/94 code on your label and received two copies, or if you have another code but didn't receive your issue, please let us know as soon as possible. Our apologies for the inconvenience.

SAD NEWS

We regret to report that Fresno CR model C.B. (inside front cover of #58) passed away on March 1, 1994, after suffering a massive heart attack. Photographer SIMON BARR said that C.B. had been suffering from an inoperable heart ailment.

We are shocked and dismayed to learn that San Antonio CR model COURT JESTER passed away recently of AIDS related meningitis. He is survived by his mate of many years, CR cover model THE WARLOCK. Don was very active in Prime Timers and organized the San Antonio chapter.

MYKAEL

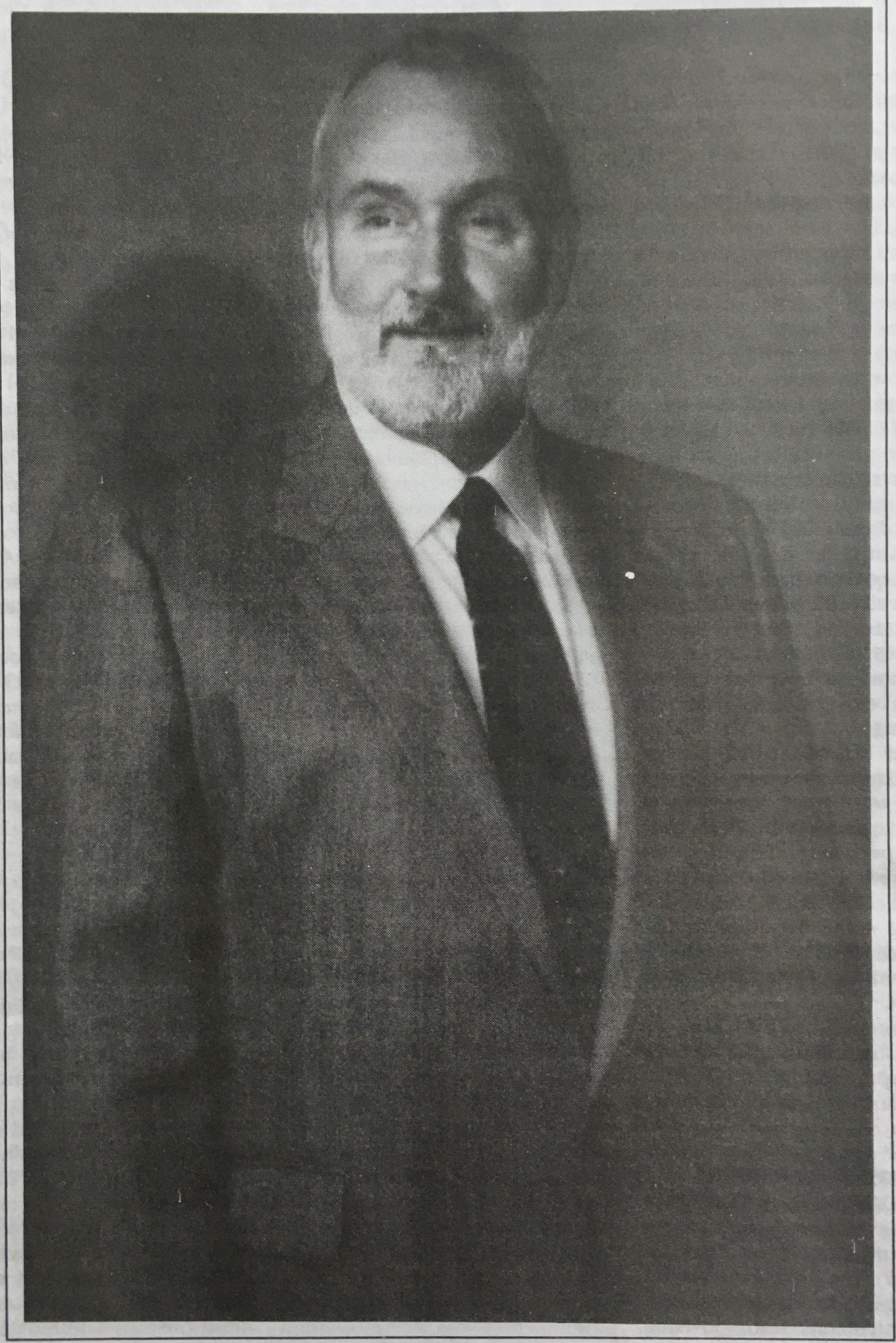

photo by SIMBA

THE DUKE

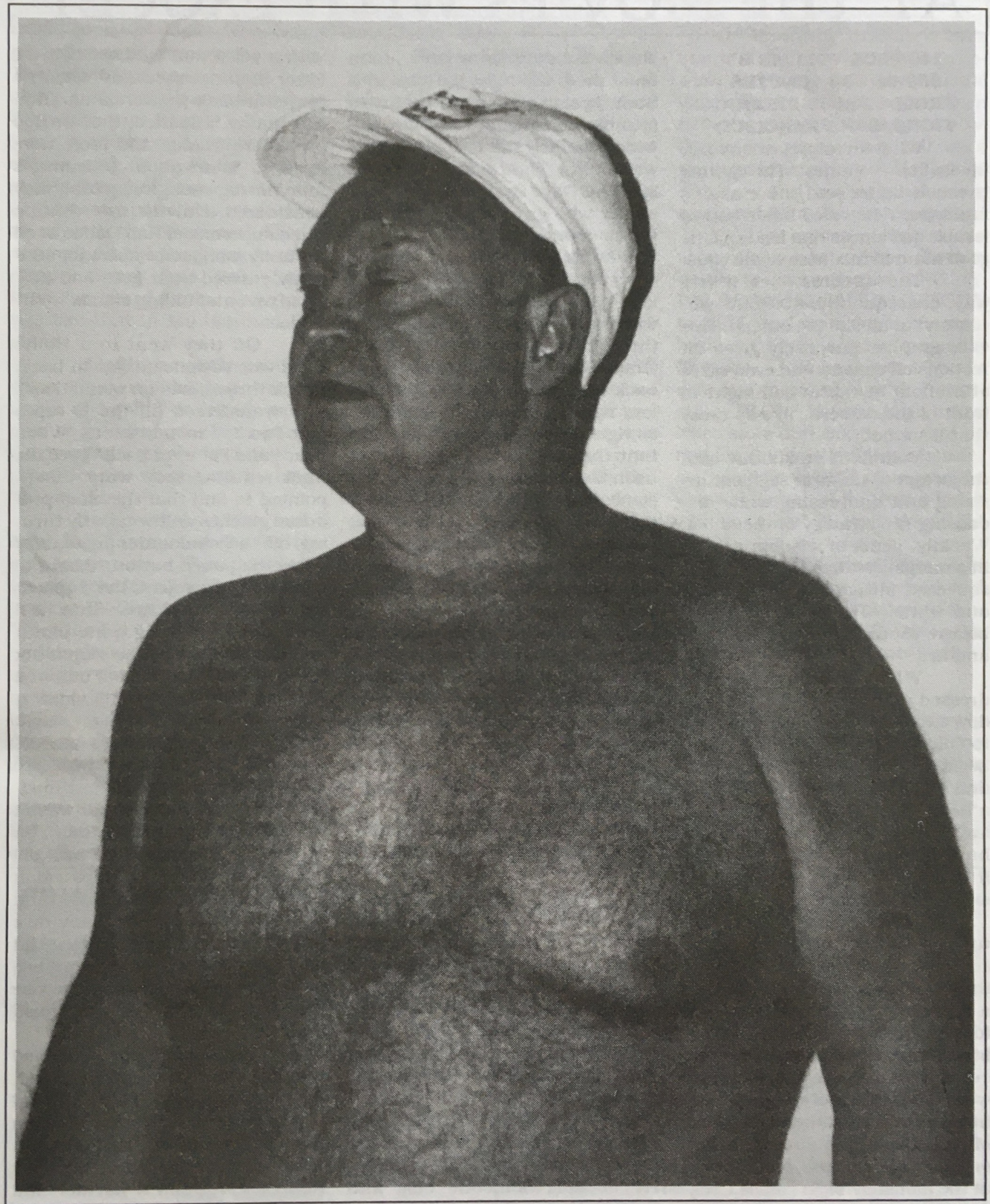

photo by TONY

AT THE MOVIES WITH EXOCET

"40-PLUS VOLUME 3"
$59.95 - 90 MINUTES
FROM 40-PLUS PRODUCTIONS, SAN FRANCISCO

What an improvement over the last two volumes! The lighting is much better and the music is fantastic. The video has a sort of lovable quirkiness that lends a little good natured madness to the opus.

The director does it HIS way; consequently, 40-PLUS videos isn't at all like the others. This videographer purposely gives directions off camera and even takes still shots of the action right in front of the camera. It's so crazy that it's a hoot.

Volume 3 starts out with the actors of the first segment arriving and undressing while discussing the strategy of the shoot. Wackily, gems of wisdom appear in a margin created as the action is squeezed into a window in black and white. The producer has a bizarre yet unique sense of humor and art.

When everyone is undressed and ready to go, the window expands, the image upgrades to color and "Battle of the Lions" begins. Jon Mission, a rather lean and dignified man in his 70s, has a lovely time with 40-PLUS' regular, Georgy Porgy, a muscular, hung hunk in his 40s. They go at it in every way and position possible. Very entertaining.

"Grand Stan Show" features a rather slight and handsome elder with a penis about a third his body size and as hard as a hockey puck. This segment has four vignettes which feature the little giant with Mike Dyke, a muscular and mature spunker who would be considered quite well hung next to any other man. After Mike is spent, the director brings on Georgy Porgy who gets his shot at the monster. Next comes Cockney John, another in 40-PLUS's stable of mature, hung Brits. John must push the right buttons with Stan, because our hero begins to tremble violently (strain, climax?), which causes the same reaction with John. G.S. is finally turned loose on Dave Byke, a 25-year-old sizzler who gives Stan a real run for his money.

"Practice Makes Perfect" stars the remarkable Phil Fire, who is a 40ish, burly 40-PLUS regular who could suck a Sumo wrestler through a trombone. He gives Grand Stan (who was able to crawl back on camera) eight "lessons" in love making and all are recorded as vignettes. Just when you think that the director has run out of fresh ideas (read: positions), along comes another which looks much more fun than the previous one. I've never seen a better finale, and it was very gratifying to see Stan finally getting his rocks off after all that.

This is one you'll definitely not want to miss, especially if you're tired of the same old standard porn with its endless banter and formula action. See their ad in this issue.

"QUADRAPLEX"
$49.95 - 60 MINUTES
FROM SWAN PRODUCTION DIVISION OF CHIRON RISING

In 1987, Bruce and Pat purchased an RCA "C" Camcorder on a lark. They kidded that they were about to make history again by producing the first mature men video. They got about as far as taking footage of their front patio before the camera was put away. Then one day the late "Red Baron" paid a visit and urged Pat and Bruce to videotape his solo J/O session. Pat says fondly of his departed good friend:" It was eerie. He became someone else and turned in a sultry performance with a voice that was two octaves lower than normal. And when we played it back we were amazed at the quality." Excited, they invited over more friends and took more footage. Short about 15 minutes from having enough material, they considered it divine intervention when supermodel Rob Dadeo in all his beefy, handsome splendor suddenly entered their lives and provided an outstanding climax to the video.

Off they went to a Hollywood video duplicator (go in back; knock three times on metal door), who transferred all the C tapes onto two 3/4 inch masters. When Bruce and Pat went back to see the final results, they were disappointed to find that they had produced glitches on the tape by turning off the camcorder instead of using the pause button. About to abandon the project, the duplicator (straight) told them that he'd never seen anything quite like it and that they would be stupid not to try to market it. "Fuck the glitches," he said. "This video is priceless and will sell like crazy!"

Taking the man's advice, they did put "Centaur Six" (*six* stood for the number of older models in the video and *centaur* wasn't the name of a magazine then) on sale and were inundated with orders. The finale TV Repairman scene by Rob Dadeo (mid-50s) and Syrinx (late 40s) got so many rave reviews that Pat and Bruce did another video with the same two models called "Triplex." It likewise sold like hot dogs at the World Series.

Then two things happened that cut short the venture. First, Pat and Bruce got cold feet and began to seriously worry about a predicted fed crackdown on adult videos (remember Meese?). Then Rob Dadeo found a partner and asked to have his release voided.

Pat and Bruce agreed and Swan Videos was swept into oblivion.

Over the next few years, illegal copies of copies were being passed around all over the world. The two videos became cult classics. I attended parties in San Francisco and Seattle where the hosts would bring out their grainy copies and show them to their guests, many of whom would hoot at the funny parts and recite lines along with the characters on the screen (just like the "Rocky Horror Picture Show" fans did). Since then, I've heard stories about parties like that in Munich and England.

Hardly a week went by when someone didn't write Pat and Bruce and ask if the videos would ever be re-released. Some offered extravagant sums (rejected) for private copies made from the original tapes.

So here it is, 1994, and I have the honor of reviewing the reincarnation, "Quadraplex," which includes all of "Triplex" and just the TV Repairman scene from "Centaur Six." In spite of the intentionally shaky home video quality of the opening credits (just like in the original videos), the quality makes my own battered copy of a copy of a copy look like one of those 70s arcade flicks.

The video is so named because there are four segments. The first vignette has two married neighbors visiting while their wives are away. After a few moments of feeling each other out, they go after one another like dogs to a ham bone.

The second piece features two pipefitters working in hard hats and shorts. Dadeo is perched atop a ladder working on a section of pipe when Syrinx gets a little too close. Suffice it to say that every time I see a ladder, I get a raging erection.

In the third, Dadeo plays the part of a quack doctor who is treating a patient (Syrinx) for impotence. Dadeo's ad-libbing still has me rolling on the floor, and the final line is a scream.

The finale contains some of the most remarkable footage I've ever seen in a video. It is sheer joy: a delectable blend of eroticism and humor. The Syrinx character insidiously and gently seduces the naive television repairman (Dadeo), who can't seem to decide if he should be outraged or curious. His curiosity wins out, however, and the barriers begin to fall.

Rob Dadeo's acting and comedic talent is something to behold, and his looks and animal magnetism are spellbinding. Syrinx is not a *bad* actor, but then the guy who plays the part of "the mouth" doesn't have to act if he's proficient and truly enjoys what (who) he's doing.

This video is a definite must-see and is priced right for crisp sales. Even if you have an old copy of the two originals, you should get this one and save it for those special occasions.

According to Colley, CR's share of the net sales will go toward making classy, very unusual videos unlike any you've ever seen before. A lot of money will be invested in them. They will use a top television editor, a Hollywood director, and an original score produced by a famous composer.

The mature men video scene has never been better, thanks to companies like 40-PLUS, P.R. SIMON, MAXIMUM DENSITY and CR. And more are on the way, because there's a lot of money to be made. I look back just 10 years ago, and there was nothing available. ZILCH! You could go into a video store and ask the clerk if he had anything with older or heavier men, and he would look at you like you were crazy or suggest a video with an "older" 35-year-old weight lifter.

Tonight, several thousand men will probably go to bed and masturbate at the prospect of seeing HERMAN THE GERMAN in the throes of ecstasy. I know I will.

EXOCET is a very secretive, deeply closeted retired navy captain who lives in Newport Beach. He prefers to stay anonymous and does not seek mail which requires a response.

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HOW?

HOW TO BECOME A CR MODEL

If you are 18 or over and want to become a CR model, send us a sharply focused, well-contrasted 35 mm color or black & white photo of yourself. Can't find a good photo? Then get a good photographer to take some shots. If you want us to publish a clothed portrait, go to a professional photographer. Please don't send Polaroids, sex shots with obvious penetration, photos with half your head or penis missing, or portraits of yourself standing 100 feet away. Avoid high-noon bright sunlight (it shadows your eyes) and straight-on flashes (they project dark shadows on the wall behind you). If we accept your photo for publication, we will send you a release form. You can then tell us what code name you'd like to use and write out your biographical sketch for publication. If you want your photo returned, send us a stamped return envelope (Foreign: IRC or $1 cash) AFTER it is published. Photos must be cropped in most cases to fit in the allotted space, so please don't send your last print. DO NOT SUBMIT PHOTOS WHICH ARE SIMILAR TO OR ACTUALLY THOSE BEING CONSIDERED FOR PUBLICATION IN ANOTHER MAGAZINE. DO NOT SUBMIT PHOTOS WHICH HAVE ALREADY BEEN PUBLISHED ELSEWHERE.

HOW TO WRITE TO CR MODELS, WRITERS, ETC.

Follow the instructions for answering a coded ad in the CR CLASSIFIEDS. Write, seal and stamp your fan letter, then write in pencil (NOT INK, BUT PENCIL) the name of the contributor in the center of the envelope. Place that envelope inside a slightly larger envelope and send it to us for forwarding. Remember, some contributors get hundreds of letters, so be patient. If you want photos returned, don't send them without a self-addressed, stamped envelope (SASE).

HOW TO GET THE BEST SERVICE

From the 15th through the end of each even month, and the odd months of March and September, we are scrambling to get issues to our printer. We tend to fall behind on correspondence and order-filling by up to 4 weeks. Add mailing time, and it can be 6 weeks. Please keep this in mind and be patient. If you need a rush answer, include an SASE for a quick hand reply.

HOW TO SUBMIT MATERIAL FOR PUBLICATION

If you have never been published in CR and would like to submit fiction or nonfiction, please write for guidelines and/or provide an outline or synopsis of the work you wish for us to consider. Please do not send unsolicited material unless you are a regular.

HOW TO DECIPHER THE CODE ON YOUR ADDRESS LABEL

The date shown (8/94, 11/94, etc.) indicates when your last issue will arrive. An "S" signifies that you will automatically receive all upcoming CR CLASSIFIED issues until your subscription expires. A "V" (VIP) reveals that you are a long-time supporter and someone we especially value. Being a VIP has its advantages. An asterisk means that you owe us money; a "C", that you have a credit due. Disregard any other notations.

HOW DID WE GET THAT FUNNY NAME?

CHIRON RISING is named after a comet called "Chiron," which has an orbit near that of Pluto. Astrologers don't agree on the significance of the placement of this celestial body in a natal chart, but the astrological community has seen fit to chart its movement. Bruce and I both have Chiron smack on our rising signs in our natal charts. In other words, we both have **Chiron ... rising**.

HOW OFTEN DO WE PUBLISH AND SHIP?

CR - Around the first of each even month. Subscribers can expect their issues to arrive sometime between the first and the tenth of the month. Book stores should have CR on their shelves by the second or third week of the month. Those book stores serviced by wholesalers may take longer. *CR CLASSICS* - Around the first of May and the first of November. Mailing and shipping intervals are the same as above.

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THE POETRY OF KONA JEM

BEREAVEMENT

Under the cover of darkness
I feel your presence still
As softly a vision of you floats
Above my windowsill.
Then coolly against my lonely breast
Your pillow I enfold
In feeble substitution of
The warmth I cannot hold.

Years of flooding memories recall
Sweet moments from our past,
Our enchanted dreams, those golden years
We thought would always last.
Now those dreams lie shattered about me
In hopeless disarray
As vainly I try to move forward
With half now torn away.

In the cold despair that is darkness
I've lost my firm belief
That life, for each, has a purpose
Beyond this numbing grief.
Is there a plan, a purpose, really
—Governed by God, they say—
Or do we just need to believe it
To hold despair at bay?

Here in the still, cold hours of darkness
Come hold my hand once more,
Envelope me with warm assurance,
Comfort me as before.
Embrace me . . . imbue me with wisdom . . .
Help me to understand
That life still has meaning and purpose,
And will unfold as planned.

KONA JEM was born in Sedalia, Missouri on September 3, 1919. He taught art in college as a career and later became one of this country's most eminent artists. He currently lives alone in Hawaii.

A Review

THIS ONE'S A HOOT:
"Can't Stop Lovin' That Man"

by Finney Edwards

My jaw dropped when I found this gem, virtually hidden way in the back of Tower Records in the Castro area of San Francisco. While it shouldn't be a shock in these days of popular films like *The Crying Game* and "out" pop stars from Boy George to k.d. lang, I couldn't help but grin at the sight of "Can't Help Lovin' That Man," on Columbia's Legacy Series CDs and Tapes.

"Listen to this compilation and listen hard, honey," writes *Village Voice* "homomeister," Michael Musto, in his wonderful liner notes that begin on the outside of the package. "You won't believe your ears. It's not just that it's a bunch of old 20s and 30s love songs directed irrevocably at men; it's also that they happen to be sung by men."

Musto goes on to tell us about the origin of these 25 songs which make up this nearly 80-minute CD/tape compilation. Musto is quick to point out that many of these tracks are gay only by association. Apparently, back in the 20s, some publishers held such control of the music that artists could not begin to imagine changing the lyrics, *even if it was simply to switch gender.* Thus, the result is a stack of fine old 78s directed at men, sung by men.

One can't help but listen between the lines and hear the voice of the deep pink underbelly of the entertainment world struggling for attention. Some of these guys sound every bit as convincing as today's crop of "out" pop stars.

While there are a lot of artists most of us haven't heard of before, compilation producer Michael Brooks was smart to "balance" the set with tracks of Bing Crosby ("Gay Love"), Paul Whiteman ("Beach Boy") and Guy Lombardo ('Puleeze, Mr. Hemingway"). Plus, a quick look at the unusually detailed liner notes reveals many important studio musicians/celebrities of the day on these records, including Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Eddie Lang, Joe Venuti, Glenn Miller and Dick McDonogh. These were not necessarily throwaway recordings.

Stylistically, most of the songs sound like the type of music Betty Boop would be comfortable cooing. My favorites are the wild tracks that are hard (for me) to imagine being anything but "homo-conscious." Check out, for example: "Masculine Women, Feminine Men" by Merritt Brunies And His Friars Inn Orchestra, or "He's A Good Man To Have Around" by Dick Cherwin And His Orchestra, or Cliff Edwards' previously unreleased, *very* high-camp "Come Up And See Me Sometime."

I also love the frivolous songs such as "My Little Hope Chest" by The Clevelanders and the near-hysterial "Can't Do Without Love" by Joe Haymes And His Orchestra, with Phil Dooley's impassioned, ersatz Cab Calloway vocal (you almost expect him to start "Hi De Hi De Ho-ing"). We must also mention the charmingly awful "Love For Sale" by The Hotchkiss Orchestra, a previously unissued performance which is so nervous it's almost alarming. It's hard to imagine how some of these singers managed to get through the recording sessions without cracking up.

Musto brings up a valid point in his liner notes that if many of today's pop stars were to issue records like this, "We could get a damned good rise out of hearing all sorts of tough guys self-consciously belting out starry-eyed torch songs to other tough guys." While he goes on to "Imagine" the possibilities of certain "schlock" rockers (whom I respect so *little* that I won't waste the keystrokes to enter their names), Musto missed the very *big* opportunity to reiterate an often overlooked fact that many pop artists *have* already confronted their homo-side on record.

And the references are not that obscure either. Consider: Ray Davies And The Kinks' top ten hit, "Lola," a very positive tale about a love affair with a drag queen (he's done many other gay-themed songs before and since); Lou Reed's only number one hit, the classic "Take A Walk On The Wild Side" from 1972; Pete Townsend's "And I Moved" from his1980 "Empty Glass" album with its revealing line, ". . . and I moved toward him"; David Bowie's 1972 single called "John, I'm Only Dancing"; and Tom Robinson's 1978 hit, "Glad To Be Gay." We can't forget dear Morrissey, whose *very* out and strong selling efforts, both with The Smiths (he had my vote the first time I heard him

croon, ". . . meet me at the fountain, shove me on the patio . . . I'll take it slowly . . . ") and as a solo artist, have secured his place in the Gay Rock & Roll Hall of Fame, if we ever get one. There are many others, and we could do full articles on each. So let us know if you'd like more archiving like this and we'll gladly go a-digging.

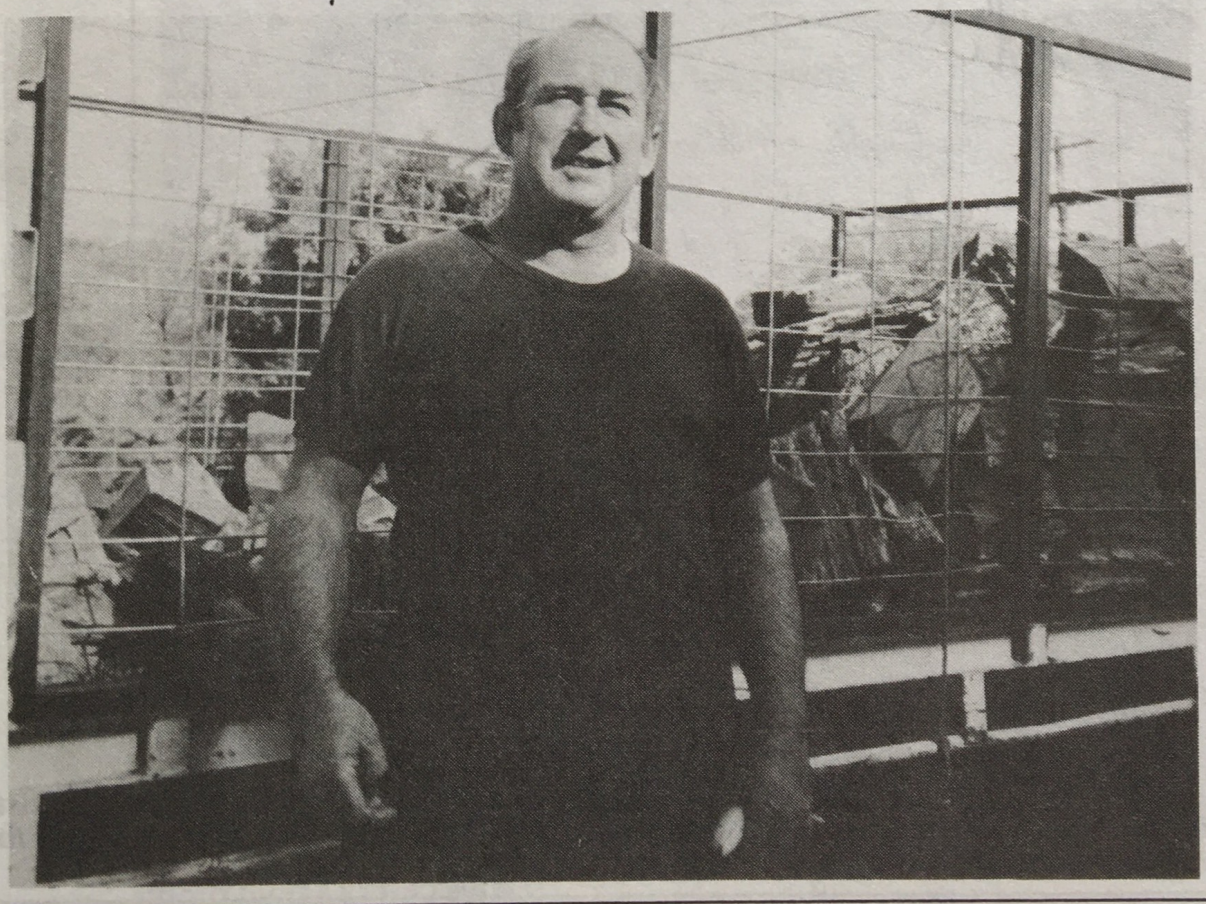
But what about the other ones that may or may not be "masked" references, depending upon how you look at them. Such as? Well, consider this admittedly out-of-context first verse from Elvis Costello's war story song, "Sleep Of The Just" (1986):

The soldier asked my name and did
I come here very often
Well, I thought that he was asking
me to dance
In my holy coat and hat and him in
his red bonnet
We'd have made a lovely couple, but
we never had the chance.

I will never forget being absolutely stunned to hear John Lennon's "She's A Friend Of Dorothy's" broadcast internationally on "The Lost lennon Tapes" radio program after his death. XTC's 1989 paean to the penis, "Pink Thing," pulls no punches with the revelatory couplet, "Spit in my face, I'd love you for it." I've also had conversations with friends discussing possibilities such as Dylan's "Just Like A Woman" actually being about a man. But that may be pushing things a bit.

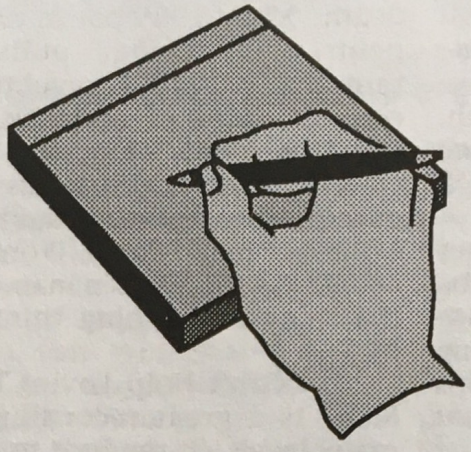
"Can't Help Lovin' That Man" is a great recording on many levels. It reminds us that being a homosexual is okay, and frankly it has been around a lot longer than most of the mainstream public/media is willing to admit. The record is well-constructed conceptually, and sonically the music sounds just right—as though you were playing a well-oiled 78 player through your modern hi fi. And finally, the record is just good fun—in fact, almost too much fun! Don't hesitate to pop this one on during a party or Sunday brunch. Even better, send a copy to anyone who needs a little shaking up.

Finney Edwards may someday release his own 1920s-inspired song. Written and recorded in his home studio at the request of a friend in New York, the song celebrates the wonderful East 50s neighborhood between The Mayfair Restaurant and The Townhouse, which is frequented by many a mature gentleman. Complete with nasal vocals recorded through a gramaphone and scratches provided by an old 78 record, Finney wonders if Columbia would consider issuing an album of modern artists doing old-time, gay-themed songs to benefit a good cause. Hi de hi de homo!



SMILING TOM

photo by BAZZA



AT DUSK

By "PaHa SaPa" Stillman

I think this is the most beautiful of all.
This hour -- just at the close of day
When I come home and think of you.

The sun is setting and the shadows are tall.
My thoughts -- like a tree -- sing and sway
As times shared together pass in review.

This moment's peace I will recall
As I continue on life's wondrous way.
Gems of friendship like ours are precious few.

Pa Ha Sa Pa STILLMAN, 69, is a veteran of World War II, Korea and Viet Nam. He's also a parachutist and is still active in business. He says that one of life's greatest joys is cuddling and indulging in an open, touching relationship.

WOOD Y' COME?

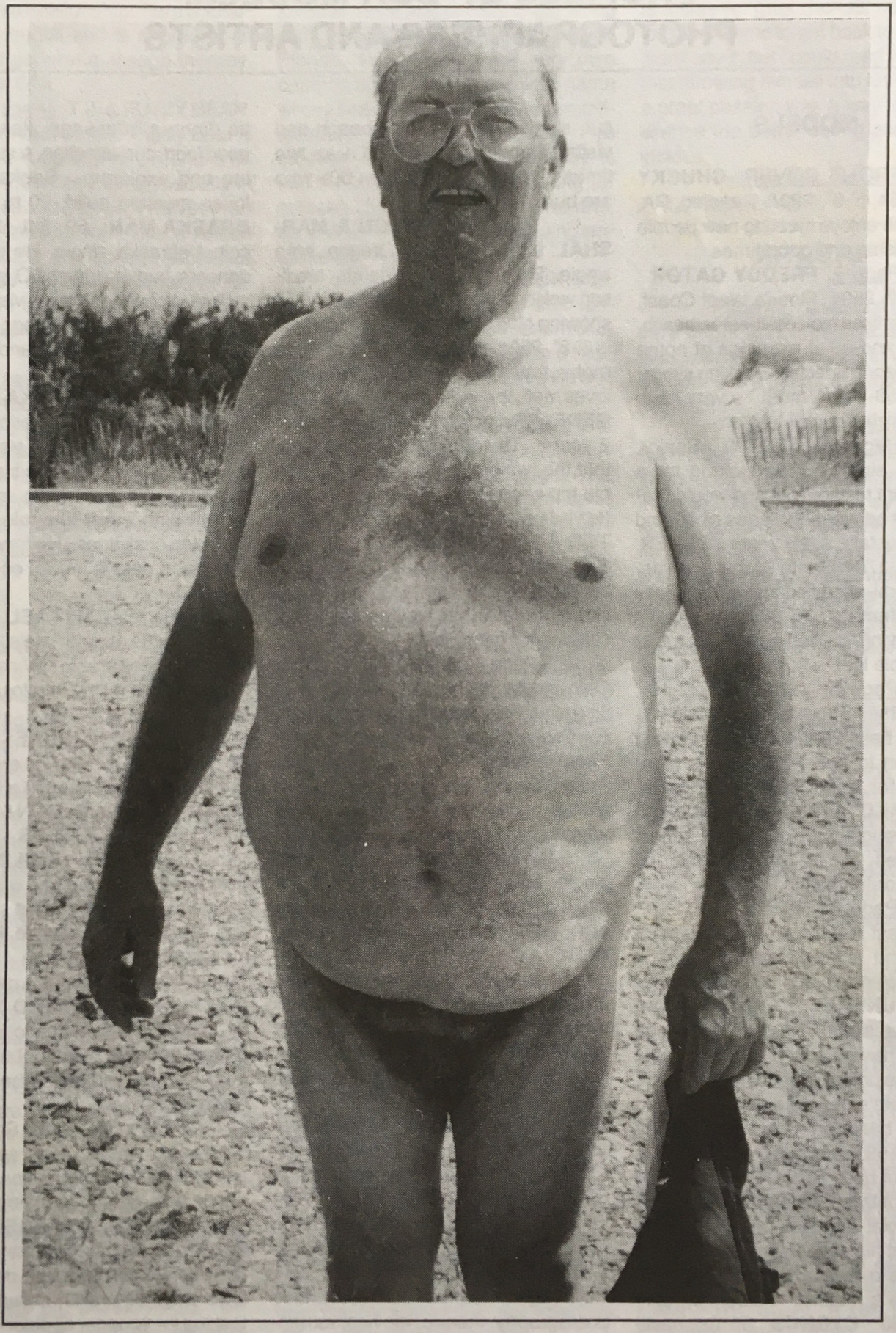


photo by GAYFEATHER

PROFILES OF OUR MODELS, PHOTOGRAPHERS AND ARTISTS

MODELS

FRONT COVER: **CHUCKY BEAR**: 54, 5'-9", 220#, Reading, PA, single. He enjoys meeting new people for friendship and good times.

Page 2: **FREDDY GATOR** : 63, 5'-10", 250#, Florida West Coast, single. He likes movies, theater, beach, football, and quiet evenings at home with someone special. Seeking similar stature, 50-70. A must: a very hairy body, which is a real turn on.

Page 4: **TEDDY:** Senior, Nevada, single. He's looking for a permanent relationship and would prefer a guy between the ages of 40 and 60, give or take a few years . **FISHER**: 63, 6'-1", 170#, Santa Barbara, single. He's a semi-retired educator who seeks a trim lifemate, 36-66, who enjoys home, loving, gardening, nature, travel and simple life.

Page 5: **SEB**: 59, 5'-10", 253#, Jersey Shore, single. Likes discreet big bear types who are fun-loving and open to new experiences. Not looking for permanent relationship. **RICK DAKOTA**: 43, 5'-8", 180#, North Dakota, single. Seeks sincere, honest gentlemen, 40-70, for monogamous lifemate or friendship.

Page 6: **NATE**: 35, 5'-8", 160#, West Virginia, single. He's masculine and enjoys meeting *in-shape* men between 30 and 60. Race unimportant. **UNIQUE:** 27, slim, Northern California, single. He says, "Although young, I have a very high mental age, hence the predilection for mature company." He's new to this country and wants to hear from very masculine top men, 53-69, who seek excellence in and out of bed. **SCOOTER**: 46, 5'-6", 145#, Southern California, single. A former hotel manager, he was disabled at 30, but his sexual function is intact. He hopes to develop a new close friendship with a mature, masculine, hairy man to 60 . **CYGNUS**: 30, Connecticut, single. He loves the beach and visits Miami/Ft. Lauderdale area two times a year. He loves men 50+ who are burly.

Page 7: **MADISON & MARSHAL**: 92 and 53, both Oregon, both single. They're just good friends. Madison welcomes pen-pals and still enjoys showing off his oral expertise. Marshal is 6'-2", 260# and loves music, photography, travel and outdoors. He really loves mature cuddle bears. **ROGER & GENE**: 73 and 50, Michigan, together 8 years. This delightful couple write that the two highlights of their California trip were Yosemite and Victorville (to visit us). Bless their hearts. **AVIATOR & FURRY DADDY**: 31 and 55, San Francisco Bay Area. These lovebirds got together recently but would like to meet other intergenerational couples for friendship.

Page 8: **BARRY**: 6'-1", 225#, Ohio, single. He's an ex-football player who is now a successful businessman. He seeks all-American young man. Photo, please. **PAUL**: 37, 5'-8", 155#, Austin, Texas. Enjoys gardening, duplicate bridge and the outdoors. He admires mature men, 55+. **BIG BILL**: 53, 6 ft., 240#, Southern California, single. He enjoys sports, travel, reading, dining and meeting C-Risers who are nonsmokers and light drinkers. **BLUEJAY**: 40s, Canadian of Japanese heritage. He's a well-traveled urban planner who lives with his lifemate of 13 years, CR model/writer HAWFINCH. They have an open relationship, so Bluejay likes to meet hairy, stocky to heavyset men, 55+.

Page 9: **MARTY SANDERS** : 43, 5'-9", 221#, Ft. Lauderdale, single. Seeks a fun-loving person to love and grow old with. **CHIPPER**: 79, 6 ft, 240#, Florida, single. He likes hung men from 30 up, couples or singles. **GNI MAN**: 64, 5'-8", 175#, New York City, single. He likes travel, male nude photography, theatre, movies, romantic dinners, massage, flea markets, good food, conversation, sunsets, walking and exploring. Seeks friend or lover, medium build, 20 to 50. **NEBRASKA MAN**: 59, 6 ft., 225#, Lincoln, Nebraska, single. He likes naked dancers, bodybuilders, J/O, phone sex, picture exchanges, travel, visiting, hosting. Seeking males any age for friendship. Interested in tattoos and piercings, although he has none.

Page 10: **ALASKA AL**: 67, 5'-7", 235#, Alaska, in a relationship and not looking for a lover. A transplant to the far north country from Hawaii, he's soft-spoken but romantic and looking for fun with other like-minded short chubbies of all ages. He travels extensively and enjoys music, cooking and cuddling.

Page 20: **MYKAEL**: 54, Northern California, single. He's looking for 45+ uncut, preferably HIV negative life partner. He's willing to relocate for Mr. Right.

Page 21: **DUKE**: 52, 6 ft., 220#, Missouri, single. He's very young at heart and likes men like CR model Mr. G and couples like DON & MARCUS and THE NUTMEGGERS.

Page 27: **SMILING TOM**: Senior, Australia, married with kids and two dogs. He likes men of similar size and disposition (jolly) and lives in the mountains of Tasmania. He says, "There's always room for more."

Page 29: **WOOD Y' COME**: 61, 6ft., 220#, Mid-Atlantic, single. He prefers younger guys, but urges older guys to write and see if there is common ground.

Page 35: **JJII**: Senior, San Francisco, single. He's semi-retired and looking for a companion/mate who needs a lot of tender, loving care.

Page 41: **BEACHED WHALE**: 72, 5'-11", 210#, Michigan, in a relationship. A retired interior designer, he likes architecture and reading. He's looking for younger or older gentlemen

as friends to visit (non-sexual).

Page 43: **WALKER**: 64, Connecticut, in a relationship. He's a librarian and a nudist and is interested in erotic and general massage therapy. Member of GNI.

Page 46: **T.J. & FUZZY BEAR**: 85 and 48, north Texas. Fuzzy Bear is a long-time supporter of CR and is an avid lover of white hair, especially in moustaches and beards. He lives in an open relationship with T.J., a retired financial CEO and college professor who is also an accomplished pianist. They share their home with their four-legged mixed breed companion, Teddy Bear.

Page 61: **RICK SAMUELS** : 36, 5'-8", 163#, Ft. Lauderdale, single. He seeks a good friend who will care for him with love and full support. **DELAWARE KENT**: 46, 5'-9", 169#, Delaware, single. He likes nipples, nice/round/firm butts and versatile men. Kiss and cuddle a plus. He's HIV positive but very healthy. **ARKANSAS MIKE**: 27, 5'-10", 205#, Arkansas, single. He enjoys men 45+ with salt & pepper/gray/white hair who like to travel and try new things. He played college football.

Page 62: **T.O.M.**: 80, 5'-8", 170#, Northern California. He likes men 65 and older and has been in a very open but loving relationship for 30 years. He's unable to travel but quite capable when it comes to sex.

Page 63: **DYFI**: Senior, California central coast, single. He's a healthy retired bank manager who enjoys cooking, candlelight dinners, theater and travel. He'd like to find a sincere, loving, affectionate man for a monogamous relationship. **LIBRAN**: 37, San Francisco Bay Area, in a relationship. He and fellow CR model, CHEROKEE (CR #61), enjoy cooking, nudism, traveling, and entertaining friends in their home. Their pets include exotic goldfish, two cats and two Dachshunds. **NAPPY:** 62, 5'-10", 215#, San Fernando Valley, in a relationship. He prefers masculine men 50 and over. Has fetish for redheads of any age.

Page 64: **GOVERNOR:** Senior, 5'-8", 185#, Central California, single. Nonsmoker, rarely drinks, uncut, wants under 38 or whatever. He loves to travel and is easy to get along with. **KOOKABURRA**: 66, south Florida, single. He's our very own cooking columnist of the same name who is seeking a tall mate for a committed relationship. He loves people. This creative homebody works out daily, is into nutrition. He enjoys cooking (of course), music, theatre, and the arts, as well as entertaining and being entertained. A true romantic.

Page 65: **BULL BUCK:** 59, Northwest. He's looking for that special guy for perhaps a permanent situation. He's an outdoorsman and hoping for a bottom man who loves life and is around his age.

Page 66: **MARC MANN**: Senior (who stopped counting in his early fifties), Southern California, single. This very famous video star is known for his fine work in Altomar Productions and P.R. Simon Productions releases. He's a body builder and nudist who loves classical music, theatre, photography and intimate dinners.

Page 67: **BIG BRICK**: 63, 6 ft., 220#, London, single. He's a relaxed and gregarious Englishman who can easily come into the city to meet visiting Americans, over 50 only. Photos requested.

Back Cover: **ALLEN, ESQ.**: 65, 5'-10", 230#, Midwest, single. He likes music, theatre, travel, psychology and philosophy. Seeking sensitive, intelligent person, age 35-55, who is warm, compassionate and physically fit. A good sense of humor is good too.

PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHERS

PHOTOMAN has been a CR supporter for many years. Having seen his superb photography in an art book, we always knew he was one hell of a photographer and badgered him relentlessly for male nude portraits. Unfortunately, he was a very busy man, and making a living came first. Then his world crumbled with the loss of his mate of many years and we didn't hear from him for some time. But when we did . . . well, see for yourself.

Our brilliant photographer, CHELSEA WILLIAMS, told us that there is a time for grief (he lost his lifemate too) and a time to get back to work. He didn't say it, but I could read in his eyes that throwing himself into his work with a great passion was a way to partially silence the beast eating away at his insides.

I sense that same passion in PHOTOMAN's work.

ARTISTS

Page 42: **QUETZAL**, 40, is a very bright and attractive artist who lives with model PLOVER in West Hollywood. He's one of our most prolific contributors.

Page 54: **JAMES L. HAWKINS**, 66, lives with his lover of 15 years, Jack Gray, age 73, in their home in West Los Angeles. They both are active in collecting 19th and 20th century original art, which includes some fine examples of the male nude. James has been drawing from the male nude for over 44 years and taught life drawing for several years at Beverly Hills Adult School.

WANTED

CR Desperately needs someone who is computer literate (Macintosh Centris 610 loaded with Pagemaker 4.2 and Quicken; and Macintosh SE loaded with Microsoft Works and Pagemaker 4.0) who can help us out from time to time. Room and board and salary—your schedule. Prefer a bright, gentle, pleasant guy (any age, size or race) who is capable of correspondence, bookkeeping and playing publisher for one to two weeks at a time, occasional weekends . . . whatever. Will even consider financing air commute for anyone too good to pass up. Must like dogs and heterosexuals and be able to tolerate the quiet of the Mojave Desert. Somebody . . . HELP!

WAS JESUS GAY?

by TOM HORNER

In 1973 Harper & Row published a tremendously important book: the first one ever written to present seriously some evidence that Jesus might have been gay. Although it made a momentary splash in the press (The *New York Times*, The *Washington Post*, and The *National Observer* did major articles), most scholarly journals ignored the book or else they were severely critical of it. Church authorities pretended it did not exist. Soon Harper & Row let it slip quietly out of print—a pity, because the book ought not to be forgotten. This article is an attempt to present the gist of what it had to say.

The book is *The Secret Gospel: The Discovery and Interpretation of the Secret Gospel According to Mark*, by Morton Smith, Professor of History at Columbia University. Over the years, Professor Smith has been something of a maverick in the scholarly world, having published some generally unorthodox views on the history of the *Old Testament* and a book, *Jesus the Magician*, which claims that Jesus, like numerous other religious leaders of his day, practiced magic. But any hesitation one might feel about Smith's views is offset by the great respect in which he is held in the academic world. His scholarship has always been careful, thorough, and distinguished; therefore, his colleagues must listen, if reluctantly, when he speaks. They do not have to accept his findings, however, and in this case most have not.

Smith found the text fragments from the secret Gospel in 1958 at Mar Saba, a Greek monastery about twelve miles from Jerusalem. Its principal fragment, which Smith would place in the middle of the canonical Mark 10:46, is as follows:

"And they came to Bethany, and a certain woman, whose brother had died, was there. And, coming, she prostrated herself before Jesus and said to him, 'Son of David, have mercy on me.' But the disciples rebuked her. And Jesus, being angered, went off with her into the garden where the tomb was, and straightway a great cry was heard from the tomb. And going near, Jesus rolled away the stone from the door of the tomb.

"And straightway going in where the youth was, he stretched forth his hand. But the youth, looking upon him, loved him and began to beseech that he might be with him.

"And going out of the tomb they came into the house of the youth, for he was rich. And after six days Jesus told him what to do and in the evening the youth came to him, wearing a linen cloth over [his] naked [body]. And he remained with him that night, for Jesus taught him the mystery of the Kingdom of God. And thence, arising, he returned to the other side of the Jordan."

There is a second fragment about Jesus' refusing to see some women, among them "the sister of the youth whom Jesus loved." There are no explanations for any of this except the little that is intimated in the Greek letter in which the Gospel fragments are found. These fragments are in a letter of the famous church father Clement of Alexandria to an unknown Theodore in the second century A.D. In his letter, Clement thanks Theodore for "silencing the unspeakable teachings of the Carpocrations," a sect of early Christian sexual libertines, and then goes on to quote portions of the secret *Gospel of Mark* (quoted above), which Clement contends the Carpocrations are misusing.

Briefly, here is Professor Smith's interpretation of what happened in the major fragment quoted. It represents a "water baptism administered by Jesus to chosen disciples, singly and at night. The costume for the disciple was a linen cloth worn over a naked body. The cloth was probably removed for the baptism proper, the immersion in water. After that, by unknown ceremonies, the disciple was possessed by Jesus' spirit and so united with Jesus. One with him, he participated by hallucination in Jesus' ascent into the heavens. He entered the Kingdom of God, and was thereby set free from the laws ordained for and in the lower world. Freedom from the law may have resulted in completion of the spiritual union by physical union. This certainly occurred in many forms of Gnostic Christianity; how early it began there is no telling."

Notice the words "may have resulted in completion of the spiritual union by physical union" and that this "certainly occurred in many forms of Gnostic Christianity." The Carpocrations, who used the secret Gospel, were Gnostic Christians who believed that a specially revealed knowledge (Greek *gnosis*) was necessary for salvation. And this knowledge was secret, revealed only to initiates after a period of careful preparation. Gnostics go back to the time of Jesus himself. The Essenes, who produced the famous *Dead Sea Scrolls* and who were contemporaneous with Jesus, were Jewish Gnostics living in closed communities consisting only of the initiated. They were not, however, sexual libertines. But most Gnostics tended to be either one of the other: totally puritanical or avowedly sensual. In fact, most religious groups at the time of Jesus fall into one or the other of these two extremes.

Smith writes: "Almost from the beginning of Jesus' ministry there must have been an inner circle (Jesus' closest followers to whom he gave the mystery), one or more outer circles (less intimate followers, family, and

well-disposed acquaintances to whom the secret was not revealed), and finally 'those outside' (the indifferent or hostile people of the surrounding world)."

Picture three concentric circles: those in the third circle are beyond the pale. Those in the inner circle and those in the second circle are Christian believers, but only to those in the inner circle was the whole mystery revealed by the Master himself, for most of those in the second circle would not understand it or perhaps not have need of it. When a man cured of demon possession wanted to accompany him, Jesus would not allow it (Mark 5:18-19). Could it be that Jesus felt this formerly deranged man incapable of understanding the higher mysteries?

As Smith points out, there is much testimony in regard to this element of secrecy in the Gospels themselves. In Mark 4:11 Jesus is speaking to his inner circle: "To you the mystery of the reign of God has been confided. To the others outside it is all presented in parables." In Mark 4:34 we are told: "To them (outsiders) he spoke only by way of parable, while he kept explaining things privately to his disciples." Other such indications are in Mark 7:17, 10:10, and 13:13. And when Jesus had a heavenly vision (Mark 9:9), he enjoined his three leading disciples to keep this secret until a later time. Some of his healing was done in secret. In Mark 7:33 he healed a man "off by himself, away from the crowd" and at other times he asked those around him to "leave the room."

Many of his movements were secret: " . . . he stayed in desert places . . . " (Mark 1:40); " . . . began a journey through Galilee, but he did not want anyone to know about it . . . " (Mark 9:30). His triumphal entry into Jerusalem was well-publicized and in daylight, but well before nightfall that day and other days he left the city for the obscurity of Bethany. Only once that week was the pattern broken: to observe the Passover meal in the city, for this had to be at night. Even then Jesus acted in great secrecy. He did not even tell the disciples where the meal was to be held. He simply told two of them to go into the city and find a man "carrying a pitcher of water" and to follow him. Carrying water was women's work. This was like saying, to quote Smith, "Look for a man wearing lipstick!" They found the man, and he led them to another man, another member of the inner circle or one wholly trusted, who provided the upper room where the meal was held.

Certainly the one carrying the pitcher of water was gay. No heterosexual male would have done it. Whether this man was a member of the inner circle we can never know, but in any case he was totally trustworthy. Jesus was to learn the hard way that even one of his disciples was not.

On the basis of his name, Judas Iscariot (*iscarii*, assassin) was a member of an extremist revolutionary group as well as Jesus' inner circle, and it is probable that the reason for the betrayal was that Jesus was not revolutionary enough. The money Judas got could be put to good use for the revolutionary cause; i.e., Israel's liberation from Rome. As a member of the inner circle, Judas knew where Jesus was going that night after the Passover supper. the authorities otherwise would not have known that Jesus would be in the Garden of Gethsemane, for this too was secret. Smith suggests that Jesus went there to perform one of his secret baptismal initiations but was interrupted by his arrest. Mark 14:15 says that with him there was a young man "who was covered by nothing but a linen cloth. As they seized him he left the cloth there and ran off naked." (*The New American Bible* translation.)

Smith writes: "Throughout seventeen hundred years of *New Testament* scholarship nobody has ever been able to explain what the young man was doing alone with Jesus in such a place, at such a time, and in such a costume." Various suggestions have been made, such as his being an innocent bystander. In that garb? Smith says that the secret Gospel gives the clue: "The business at hand was baptism; the youth wore the required costume." That Jesus believed in baptism is beyond question, because he himself submitted to the rite. The one he submitted to, that of John the Baptist, however, was only for the washing away of sins. But Jesus, in his baptism, added freedom from the law and admission to the Kingdom of God. It is generally believed that Jesus himself did not baptize, although John's Gospel implies that he did in 3:22. In 3:26 and 4:1 John gives reports of Jesus baptizing, but in 4:2 he says that Jesus himself did not baptize, "but his disciples." On the text here Smith says that in normal Greek "this would mean that Jesus himself did not baptize but his disciples [did]. However, the Greek of the Fourth Gospel is often abnormal, and this might be a bad translation of an Aramaic statement that Jesus baptized nobody *but* his disciples. And the statement in 3:22, that he did baptize is clear." So he baptized, as the secret Gospel says.

Within a short time after Jesus' death, his brother James, who had not even been a member of the group in any form during Jesus' lifetime, became head of the Jerusalem church. He was a strict observer of all the Jewish laws as well as being a new member of the new church, although clearly only a second circle member. The secret knowledge obviously was not imparted to the Apostle Paul, although he may have had some intimations of it and thought it well enough to drop. According to Robin Scroggs, a University of Chicago scholar (in a 1983 work, *The New Testament and Homosexuality*) the only kind of homosexuality Paul actually condemns is homosexual prostitution. Scroggs also contends, like John Boswell in *Christianity, Social Tolerance, and Homosexuality*, that one's sexual orientation or practice was not an issue at all in the Roman world of the first century A.D. They simply did not attach any importance to it. Therefore, even if it was a part of the secret tradition of the earliest church, they would not have attached to it anything like the importance we give it today. Whatever the content of the secret tradition, it died out early in main-

stream Christianity and survived perhaps only in part for about a couple of centuries longer among certain Gnostic groups.

Is the *Secret Gospel of Mark* authentic? Smith spent fifteen years carefully studying the text before publishing his findings (he found it in 1958, and the book was not published until 1973). He believes that it is authentic and lists reasons. Second, is there enough in it—plus corroborating evidence—to bear the weight of Smith's hypothesis? Too much evidence has been destroyed (Smith suggests that possible writing by members of Jesus' inner circle did not get by the administration of James), and even if anything had survived, it would not tell us all the mysteries. Mysteries were secrets known only to the initiated. When the initiates died out, the secrets were gone. Hence we can never know all the answers. I think most Christians had rather not know. That's why they ignored and still ignore *The Secret Gospel.*

The academic world also did not take seriously another book by Smith, *Jesus the Magician*, a most important work that followed *The Secret Gospel.* Whatever else he does now may be ignored, unless it's some new data on Greek nouns or verbs, or topics theologically neutral. After being dropped by Harper & Row, the book came back into print again, this time by Dawn Horse Press, a small publisher out of San Raphael, California. But, alas, it is gone again. The only way you can get it now is through interlibrary loan. Be persistent. It's worth a try.

TOM HORNER is a Biblical scholar and the author of Jonathan Loved David: Homosexuality in Biblical Times *(Louisville: Westminster/John Knox Press), 1978. He lives in the New Orleans area and is a longtime subscriber to* CR. *This article originally appeared in* Mandate, *August, 1985.*

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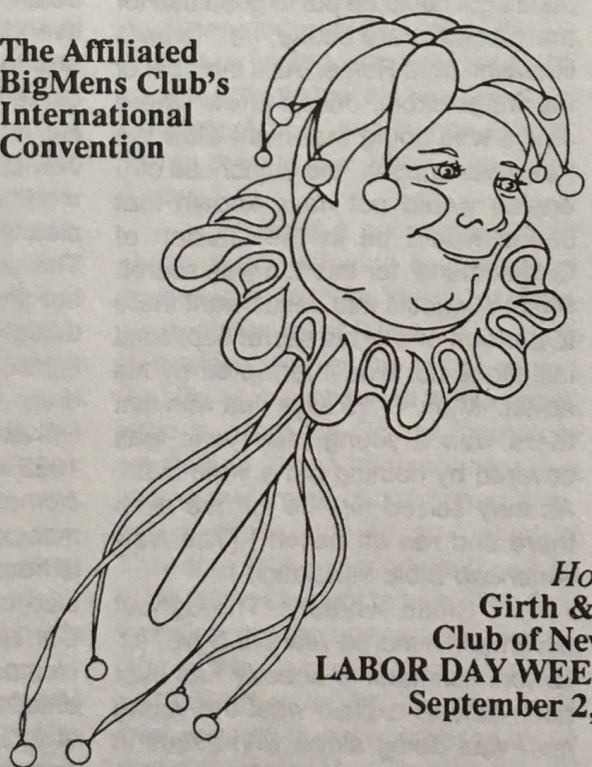

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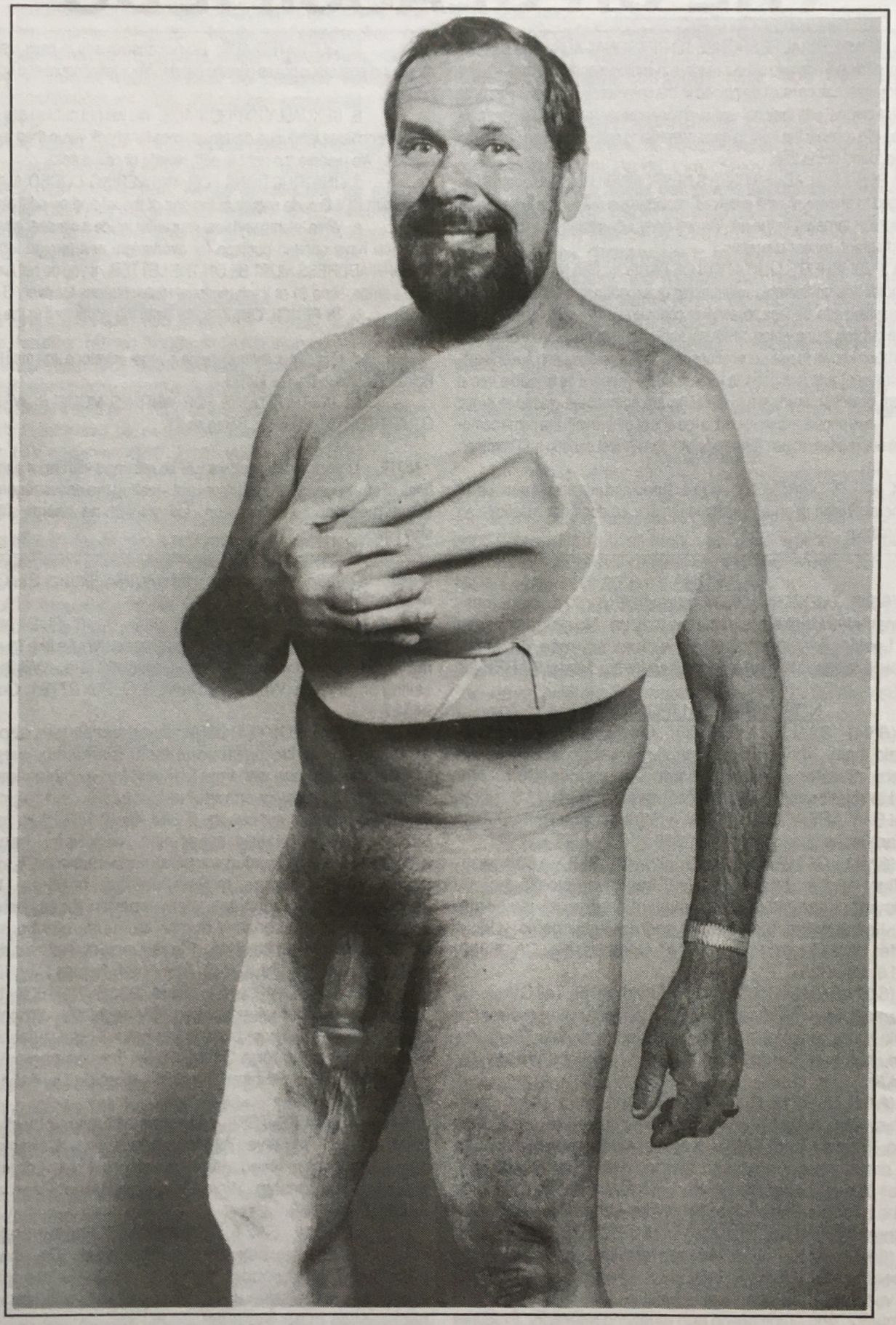

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ARIZONA

(6/94) TUCSON: GWM retiree, 56, 6'-1", rugged, masculine, nonsmoker/drinker, nudist, new to area. No drugs or heavy drinkers. Looking for friendship, maybe more, any race, under 50. Very flexible and able to travel extensively. Write: Model **BAREKAT**

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

(6/94) SAN FRANCISCO: GWM, early 60s, short, stocky, bald, hairy, hung, healthy (HIV-). Prefer under 50 for safe encounters. I'm top only, lightly into the serious stuff. Not interested in relationship. Occasional travels to major U.S. cities. I'm model BAY AREA TOP in CR#51. Write: John B., P.O. Box 31335, San Francisco, CA 94131-0335.

(8/94) CAMPTONVILLE: I'm 63, 5'-8", 180#, nonsmoker, light drinker, brown hair, HIV negative, excellent cook, self-employed. Interests include travel, metaphysics, my home. Like J/O. I seek warm, fun lover for serious relationship. Uncut only. Write: Jack Beggs, P.O. Box 340, Camptonville, CA 95922, or call (916) 288-3237.

(6/94) SAN FRANCISCO/NATIONWIDE: Tall GWM, 48, 190#, nonsmoker, balding, 6-1/2" cut, masculine, seeking relocatable, slim, nonsmoking, HIV negative, loyal mate, 21-45, for long-term, home-centered, monogamous relationship. Write: **BEST MAN**

(6/94) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA: Loving, affectionate, 37, 5'-11", swimmers build, blond, bearded, into nature, quiet times and hiking. Seeks friendships with active, caring men around 50s who are caring, supportive and loving. Belly, hairy, balding, bearded all plusses but not required. Look forward to outings, trips and maybe a long-term relationship Write with photo. T.H., Box 578, Penngrove, CA 94951.

(6/94) OAKLAND: Mature, trim, in-shape, not-quite-elderly, ex-athlete CHUBBY CHASER seeks agreeable CHUBBY, plump to very, very heavy, all ages. Must be self-approving, have sense of humor, and enjoy giving and receiving affection. Possible tong term relationship. Write: Harvey, 244 Mather St., Okland, CA 94611.

(8/94) CONCORD: Bi male, 62, 6'-1", 275#, married, very French active/passive, affectionate. Would like to meet other mature males for weekday fun. Can entertain. Will take visitors sailing on SF Bay. Write: Big Dave, P.O. Box 27781, Concord, CA 94527.

(8/94) FOSTER CITY: If you are serious about forming a monogamous life partnership/best friendship, read on. I'm looking for someone with time to invest (no multiple memberships, friendships or heavily scheduled lifestyles), and the capacity to love, be generous and caring. GWM, 46, 5'-11", 160#, brown eyes, brown-grey hair/balding, masculine, very hairy, healthy, well-groomed, stable, adventurous, pleasant personality. Enjoy country music, travel, outdoors, movies, reading, hobbies. We share: good values, no addictions, clean-shaven faces, height/weight proportional, good sense of humor, calm/unpretentions personality, quiet/non-urban lifestyle. Please include return address with response. Write: John, P.O. Box 4654, Foster City, CA 94404.

(8/94) OAKLAND: GLM, 33, 5'-7", 160#, black hair, brown eyes, nonsmoker/drinker, HIV negative. I'm into the outdoors, hiking, beaches, playing basketball, and quiet evenings at home. I'm looking for a GWM, 45-65, for companionship. Your picture gets mine. Write John, 151 Lakeside Dr. #104, Oakland, CA 94612.

(8/94) FULTON: Where are all the chubby chasers? I'm 310#, 54, HIV negative, WM who needs you. Coming out of 29-year relationship. Need affection and oral love. Looking forward to another relationship. Write: "Sonoma Bares" George, Box 282, Fulton, CA 95439.

(10/94) EAST BAY AREA: Chubby bottom seeks LOCAL top for ritual sex any day of the week. Dominant must be truthful and HIV negative, but age/race/looks are unimportant. Toothless, submissive is GWM, 61, 5'-11", with small, impotent penis. Allen (510) 443-3083.

(8/94) NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL/SACRAMENTO: Seasoned 40, 5'-9", 185#, clean-shaven, short greying brown hair, blue eyes, confident and outgoing. Interests include science, aviation, music, computers, travel, and philosophy. Am attracted to clean-shaven, masculine, mature gentlemen, 45-75, trim or heavy. A lifemate would be ideal, but welcome replies from potential friends/visitors as well. All replies answered. Write: **SACRAMENTO**

(6/94) EAST BAY: Strikingly handsome, gifted, 27, new to USA, slim, tall, satin/tan skin, cute buns, multi-talented and extraordinarily high mental age, hence predilection for mature company, seeks basically top, masculine men, 52-65, nationwide, who are also successful in life. Call Jay at (510) 763-7598, or write with photo to: **UNIQUE**

CENTRAL CALIFORNIA

(6/94) CENTRAL CALIFORNIA: Small, submissive, affectionate, healthy, retired Southern gentleman wants to share with you all the pleasures of Southern living. Come visit California's central coast, away from summer's heat and winter's cold, the smog and freeway traffic and crime of the city. One-half day's drive or one hour's flight from L.A. or the Bay Area. I'm 74, 5'-7", 145#, nonsmoker, HIV negative, Gr/P, Fr/A. Write: **TARHEEL**

(8/94) CENTRAL CALIFORNIA: Nonsmoker, GWM, in mid 60s, 5'-8", 188#, uncut, loves French A & P, seeks lover, companion, best friend. You need to be 21-38, slim, nonsmoker, healthy and able to move to a small town near Fresno and enter into a monogamous relationship. Write: **GOVERNOR**

(8/94) NATIONWIDE QUEST: Senior chubby needs senior chubby. Searching for Mr. Right. If you are chubby senior looking for lifetime partner, contact me. I have a good track record in monogamous commitment. Was cover model on CRC#3. Don Charles, 53787 Hwy. 245, Miramonte, CA 93641, or call (209) 336-0006.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(6/94) L.A. AREA: Cute GWM, 30, 5'-8", 135#, muscular, smooth, gymnist body and financially secure, seeks very wealthy gentleman (over 55), with beerbelly, who weighs over 230#, for special bonding to share love and affection. Send correspondence to C.B., 8033 Sunset Blvd. #111, Los Angeles, CA 90046.

(6/94) L.A. AREA: GWM, 52, 6'-0", 230#, looking for friend to enjoy travel, sports, movies, dining and videos. Enjoy visiting CR readers on vacation trips. Write: **BIG BILL** or phone (909)-596-3612.

(6/94) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: Unique, 48, 6'-7", 300#, attractive, professional GWM seeking a GBM who is sincere, honest, affectionate, caring and who is open to the possibility of a relationship built on trust, respect, honesty and celebrated with a loving and affirming intimacy. Explore the possibilities! Write: **KEYNOTE**

(6/94) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: Curious WM, 63, beautiful buns, seeks HIV negative, discreet, affectionate friend, 50-90, hung any size, hard or soft. Your place. Feminine okay. Prefer Orange County, CA. Write: **BUNBOY**

(8/95) SAN DIEGO: GWM, 51, 5'-11", husky, brown/brown, moustache, smooth chest, cut/average, masculine, discreet. Seeks masculine men into various mutual J/O scenes, erotic massage, revealing clothes, nudity. Write and/or meet. Ed R., P.O. Box 90465, San Diego, CA 92169.

(6/94) L.A./NATIONWIDE: GM, Chinese, 40, 5'-7", 160#, clean-shaven, smoker, HIV negative, hairless, bottom only. Seek top, masculine, rugged, HIV negative, chubby to heavy older man for relationship. My interests are computers, good food, travel, laughs, humor, and quiet times at home. Race open. Willing to travel or relocate for the right man. Pen-pals welcome. Photo appreciated. Write: **MICROCOMPUTER**

(6/94) REDLANDS: 5'-8", 160#, seeking friends or ? Nudist, HIV negative, oral active. Write: **MR. DRIP** (model in CR #59)

(6/94) SANTA BARBARA: GWM, 63, 6'-1", 170#, semi-retired educator, active, fit, nonsmoker/non-drinker, HIV negative, seeks friends/mate, 36-66, trim. Enjoy simple life, dining, traveling, hiking, loving, home, being with special like-minded person. Fisher, Box 40333, Santa Barbara, CA 93140.

(12/94) BURBANK/SAN FERNANDO VALLEY: Happily horny, versatile, GWM wants to meet others in varying states of impotency. Stocky and friendly and hairy, 61, 5'-10", 205#, talented, masculine, wants you. Size and age unimportant. HIV negative, please. I'm HIV negative, French A/P, J/O and like lots of hugging, kissing. Prefer Burbank, masculine and warm-hearted. Write: Fred, Box 6884, Burbank, CA 91510.

(6/94) WANTED: To borrow, rent or buy 1990-94 amateur Mardi Gras videos. VHS, BETA, 8mm. Contact KUKA

COLORADO

(6/94) VERY ATTRACTIVE, masculine young man, 39, 5'-10", 160#, black hair, brown eyes, good shape, seeks that special masculine, handsome gentleman, 50+, for friendship and good times. Hairy, well-built, executive type a plus, but all are welcome. Your photo and phone get mine. Write: T.T., P.O. Box 1654, Denver, CO 80201.

(8/94) DENVER: GWM, 57, 6'-1", stocky, hairy, healthy, French A/P, Greek P, moustache, beard, with talented tongue. Seek men, any age, who like kissing, hugging, cuddling. Uncut a plus. Send photo; will reciprocate. Will be at Las Vegas meeting. Can travel; visitors welcome. R.C., 11101 E. Alameda #102, Aurora, CO 80012.

CONNECTICUT

(12/94) BURLY, FURRY BEAR? GWM, 50, 6'-2", 185#, smooth, sexy bear-lover is looking for you! Jan, Box 851, Danbury, CT 06813, or (203) 794-0868

(6/94) YOUNG 57: 5'-11", 200#, semi-retired, enjoy traveling, camping, skiing, sunshine, music, theater, dining out. I'm a nonsmoker/drinker and smooth. Seek younger, caring, masculine, articulate, passionate cuddler for friendship or maybe more (slender a plus). Photo and phone appreciated but not required. Joe Irish, Box 454, Fairfield, CT 06430.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

(8/94) WASHINGTON: GBM, 40, 6'-1", 210#, moustache, 7" cut, healthy. Have a partner, but I'm seeking friendships/sex buddies. Feet and footwear are extreme turn-ons to me. Love lots of affection, J/O, French A/P, and light S/M. No anal. Other interests are books, theater, film, opera, travel, and dining out. Age, race, body type unimportant. Smoke and drink are okay as long as they don't dominate all else. Eric, P.O. Box 25012, Washington, DC 20007-8012.

FLORIDA

(8/94) WEST PALM BEACH: Late 50s CR Model (cover of #48 and inside #53), ex-football player, single, flexible, looking for just the right masculine guy, any race, any mature age. **KARL**

(6/94) WEST COAST OF FLORIDA: If you are in your 30s and want a secure future filled with love, caring, affection and an opportunity to develop to your fullest capacity, write to me. I'm a GWM in my early 60s, and because of prostate problems, can function in every way except active sex. I have everything in life except a loving partner. Could it be you? Write: **MEMPHIS**

(10/94) FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: GBM, 40, 5'-6", 160#, nonsmoker, seeks new friends, singles/couples. See my photo in CR #58. Write: **SHORTY**

(6/94) FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE: Tall, rugged, masculine, GWM, 60s, 6'-4", 265#, salt & pepper hair, moustache, youthful looking, hairy chest, tattoos, 6" cut, French A/P, Greek A (might be passive with the right man). I am a very affectionate, loving, sincere, caring, healthy person (HIV negative). I am seeking a man over 55, masculine, HIV negative, grey or white hair, husky, affectionate and loving, for a one-on-one, permanent relationship. I am an artist/portrait painter by profession, live alone and if necessary will relocate. I am not interested in one-night stands but in a monogamous and honest commitment. I love good conversation, quiet evenings at home, good music, fine art, good food, and a man with a good sense of humor. Under 6 feet and hairy a plus. Sincerity a must. Write: Russo, 505 N.E. 30th St., Apt. 404, Miami, FL 33137. Photo and phone number gets mine in return.

(6/94) NORTHWEST FLORIDA: GWM, 61, 6 ft, 222#, nonsmoker, attractive. Want to meet mature man who is sensitive, caring and if possible near Ft. Walton Beach, FL. There are no height, weight or looks requirements, but must be in 60s-70s age range. Balding and accents a plus but not mandatory. For more details, exchange photo/phone. Descretion appreciated. Write: **MORRIS**

(6/94) FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE: Nice looking WM, 60, 195#, football player body, blue-green eyes, light brown/grey, 'stache, wheelchair due to polio, Irish/Native American heritage, happy, positive, into music—mainly classical and Broadway. Nonsmoker, light social drinker, no drugs. Very much into men's chests—big, beefy, receptive . . . you know the kind. Am interested in foreplay and whatever happens, happens. HIV negative. Age and size irrelevant, just as long as you're honest. Write: **SOUTH FLORIDA WHEELS**

(10/94) SOUTH FLORIDA: Goodlooking man, 58, into making love, having sex, theatre, fine dining, movies, etc. Best time to call: Monday through Thursday, 11-1, am or pm, or leave message. Tourists welcome. Martin: (305) 583-6612.

(2/95) SARASOTA/NATIONWIDE: Still lonesome old (smooth) teddy bear, 67. Like to cook. Love bed. Belt okay. Want sweet Daddy to cherish. Ted, 763 John Ringling Blvd. #B-8, Sarasota, FL 34236.

(8/94) SARASOTA: If you are a GWM in your 30s and can sincerely become affectionate with a GWM in his sixties, there is nothing we could not accomplish together from fun traveling to starting a business to cement your future. With the right person we could have it all. Don't put off the best opportunity we both will ever have. Write soon: **RARINTOGO**

(6/94) NORTHEAST FLORIDA: WM, 67, 6'-1-1/2", 178#, grey hair. Searching for penpal (friend) my age or older who likes: musical artistry of Shirley Horn, Susannah McCorkle, Dianne Schurr, Clooney; British classical composers: fiction of Michael Ondaatje, James Burke, James Salter, Cheever, Melville, Colley; 1950s MGM musicals; the sun, beaches, tennis, bridge, travel, or staying home in a Victorian house; animals and animal rights. Please write if your interests are similar. Write: **LOU II**

(6/94) BOCA RATON: European male, 55 years of age, 5'-10", 135#, residing in Florida. Excellent health, clear-thinking, emotionally secure with spiritual horizon. I want a loving, tender romance with GWM, 18-38, slim-built, masculine or feminine, HIV negative. Willing to relocate. Unselfish commitments to share business and house responsibilities as well as good times. Send photo and include résume detailing your desires and goals to: André, P.O. Box 2074, Boca Raton, FL 33427.

(12/94) JUPITER: GWM, 62, bottom, close-cropped, salt & pepper hair, clean-shaven, smooth swimmer's body, 5'-8", 141#, 7" cut, educated, HIV negative, French A/P, Greek passive, seeks active, older TOP for monogamy. P. Monet, P.O. Box 8543, Jupiter, FL 33468.

(6/95) FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE: Retired GWM, 68, 5'-10", 250+ lbs, seeks permanent, monogamous mate, 6 ft. plus, HIV negative, husky, nonsmoking/drinking, into health, nutrition, cooking and cultural arts. Write: **KOOKABURRA**

(8/94) FLORIDA WEST COAST: Very masculine WM, 46, 6'-2", 210#, husky build with greying hair and blue eyes. Enjoy sailing, SCUBA, tennis, hiking, cooking, travel, fine dining, pets, home life. Nonsmoker, social drinker. Successful professional. Sexually versatile. Looking for lifemate, 50-?, who is masculine, adventurous and assertive and enjoys healthy active lifestyle. Grey/balding a plus. Also would like to meet mature singles or couples into boating and diving. Call (813) 882-5876, or write John Archer, P.O. Box 8063, Madeira Beach, FL 33708.

GEORGIA

(4/96) AFFECTIONATE, CUDDLY, PLAYFUL TEDDY BEAR: 48, 5'-10", 190#, with smiling blue eyes and brown hair, seeks loving soul mate, 20-55. Ken, P.O. Box 16374, Savannah, GA 31416.

ILLINOIS

(6/94) NORTHWEST ILLINOIS/EASTERN IOWA: GHM, 35, 5'-7", 200#, masculine, fairly solid build. Into sports, the arts, dining out. Educated, hardworking, sincere, considerate, open-minded and very passionate. Prefer burly, 40+, masculine men like KIM, GEORGIA EDDIE and ROB DADEO. Looking to relocate to California. Write: Al Pecina, P.O. Box 221, Moline, IL 61265.

INDIANA

(2/95) CENTRAL INDIANA: Mid-40s, heavy, seeking mature, masculine type for fun and possible relationship. Write: **CHERUB CHEEKS**

KANSAS

(6/94) NE KANSAS: Retired, 60s, 5'-10 1/2", 165#, 6-1/2" uncut, bald with close clip, French A/P, Greek P, seeks masculine top, 40s+, photo. Write: **RUSS**

(6/94) KANSAS: Cushman motor scooters wanted, any condition. Black & white couple, 30/50, seeks friends, couples, travel, okay. Extremely hairy a plus. Write: **KANSAS SCOOTER**

KENTUCKY

(6/94) SOUTH CENTRAL KENTUCKY: SWM, 64, 5'-10-1/2", 170#, healthy, nonsmoker, retired professional. Seeks CLEAN, healthy, masculine, SWM, 55-68. SIDEKICK/possible relationship. Interests: spectator sports, travel, gardening, reading, cultural pursuits. Write: **SCOTTY**

MARYLAND

(4/94) LAUREL: 55, retired. Interests: Men my age or near it. Likes are music, travel, shows, the beach, dancing. Am very versatile for the right person. Photo and letter get reply. Let's meet. I gave wrong address in last ad, so write again. Write: A.J., Esq., 360 Domer Avenue #715, Laurel, MD 20707.

MASSACHUSETTS

(8/94) CHEST TO CHEST - CHEEK TO CHEEK: GWM, 44, 5'-11", 185#, moustache, healthy, hairy, balding, good body, good mind, wants to meet mature men for warm, long relationships. Let's share each other. Penpals from anywhere welcome. All replies answered. Write: Dick, P.O. Box 756, Reading, MA 01867-0405.

(8/94) BOSTON: GWM, 38, 6'-3", 185#, friendly, sincere, healthy, HIV negative, nonsmoker/non-drug user, would like to meet masculine, mature, older man over 50 who is young at heart, for friendship and possible monogamous relationship. I'm a passionate, loving, romantic bottom that has a variety of interests including movies, theater, travel, and bicycling. Would love to share my life with a kindred spirit. Photo appreciated. Write: **MASS BAY CYCLER**

MISSISSIPPI

(6/94) YOUNG: 66, 5'-10", 160#, uncut top, seeks older, over 180#, uncut visitors or permanent companion. Looking for relationship. Likes loving. Only one hour from New Orleans. Photo and phone to Tom Horner, 212 Ballentine, Bay St. Louis, MS 39520.

MISSOURI

(6/94) KANSAS CITY: GWM, 53, 5'-10", 290#, dominant top, smoker, light drinker, in search of GWM, 21-35, trim, submissive bottom. Looking for friends first, maybe more. Honesty and boyish looks a plus. Reply with photo to: J.B., P.O. Box 45285, Kansas City, MO 64111.

(6/94) ST. LOUIS: 45, 5'-11", 185#, HIV negative, brown eyes, black hair with white streaks, average size. Enjoy computers, golf, reading, dining out, new age jazz, photography at all levels, bicycling, gardening, traveling, pets (dogs), the arts, j/o sessions, videos and magazines featuring men over 55 with hairy chests. Collector of photos of same. Looking for an individual who is sincere, loving, caring, robust, passionate, cuddler, masculine, monogamous, nonsmoker, over 55 with a hairy chest (an advantage), and willing to share the rest of our lives together . . . similar couple not ruled out. Photographs appreciated. Write to: **PHOTOMAN**

NEBRASKA

(6/94) OMAHA/MIDWEST: GWM, 5'-8 1/2", 160#, blond/blue, 43 years old, seeking large, balding, older man (short) for possible relationship. Photo appreciated but not necessary (yours gets mine). Thanks! Write: **OZZIE**

(10/94) OMAHA/MIDWEST: Artist just relocated from San Francisco, GWM, 43, 5'-11", 270#, white/blue, hairy. Reformed drinker and smoker. Into opera, theater, gourmet cooking, pornography. Looking for similar interests for friendship, sex, whatever. Into hairy men. Age/size unimportant. Intellect/sense of humor most important. Photo appreciated. Write: **OMAHA ROMANTIC**

NEW JERSEY

(8/94) INTELLIGENT, LOYAL FRIEND: sincere, caring and affectionate. BiWM, 65, 5'-11", 165#; interests include cultural, scientific, spiritual, sexual. Me: Dignified, balding, fit, HIV negative. You: Mature (any age), enjoy intimacy, communication, control. Ken (201) 592-6690, 6-11:30 pm or weekends. Will return all calls.

(6/94) NATIONAL: Room/ship mate needed for CR '94 Gathering and Fall Cruise. Oriental, 30s, 5'-6", 165#, looking for a gentleman, 55+ to travel with or possible friendship. Write/photo to: **GRAY ADMIRER**

(6/94) I WANT TO BE SANTA'S #1 ELF!! I want a Santa, or reasonable facimile, to call my own. I am a GBM, 35, 5'-8", heavyset, friendly and loving. I'm a man-of-many-talents (magician and clown, among other things) who seeks someone to share the fun things in life, including: food, sports, SEX!!! If you're not a Santa, I'd still like to hear from men 30-65, heavy/chubby, hairy (body and/or face), or any combination of the above. Interested? Send a letter with photo and I will respond. Write to DAMAL, P.O. Box 22775, Neward, NJ 07101. New York City area gets top priority!

(8/94) NEW JERSEY: GWM, 62, 5'-9", 210#, stocky, masculine, interested in men, 18-42, who are well-endowed and French passive, for occasional meetings, correspondence and phone talk. Will exchange photos and phone. Write: **VIRGIL**

NEW MEXICO

(6/94) BELEN: GWM couple, 32 and 34, in search of a classy, laid-back mature male that has been educated in the fine arts—someone willing to spend time to teach us the art of classical type painting. We are also very open to a permanent 3rd person in our relationship. Any and all letters will be answered. A clothed photo would be great. Write: C.L. Dodd, 1006 Santa Anita Dr., Belen, NM 87002-2930

NEW YORK

(6/94) NEW YORK/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: Seeking 45+ top man. Me: 45-year-old Italian, bottom, hairy, moustache, 180#, 5'-11", service-oriented, looking to please mature, masculine top man with hot (safe) sex and lots of affection. Masculine, powerful, positive attitude more important than looks or stats. Your photo gets mine. Photos returned. Write: **DRONGO**

(6/94) AFFECTIONATE, FUN-LOVING GWM, 46, 5'-9", 175#, brown hair, a great cuddler and kisser, seeks a relationship-prone guy, 40s to 60s to share life, love, theatre, movies, travel. Please include photo and phone number with letter. Write: **NEW YORK CITY FELLA**

(8/94) USED FRENCH SEAT, NYC, 67 years old. Classic tongue-in-groove construction for thorough sitting satisfaction. Multi-functional model fully services rear, front, feet. Looks and endowment not important. Relaxed, naturally selfish, clean white male any age over 50 appreciated. **CHAIR-MAN**

(6/94) DO THE NAMES: *Beacon, Everhard, Variety, Automat, Jack's Embarcadero YMCA,* and *Joly's* evoke fond/exciting memories? Maybe I'm the guy you met there and wanted to see again. Get in touch. I'm better than ever. RCR, Box 3084, New York, NY 10163, or call (212) 684-3582.

(10/94) FLUSHING: WM, 35, 5'-10", 165#, brown hair, hazel eyes, attractive, intelligent, loving, affectionate, romantic, sentimental, and loyal with integrity, seeks husky, bulky guy with similar attributes for monogamous relationship. D.H., P.O. Box 670458, Flushing, NY 11367.

NORTH CAROLINA

(10/94) RALEIGH AREA: Retired professional GWM, 74, 5'-7", blue/grey, 150#, 6" cut, HIV negative, liberal, discreet, lives alone, has gentle sense of humor and wide interests in arts, history, sciences, music, travel. Welcomes contacts with mature, independent GWM disposed toward correspondence, visits, occasional travel, and uncomplicated friendship with intimacy. **AXOLOTL** (See photos in CR 50, 60 and CRC#2, and stories by **KRB**, CR 48 and 54.)

(8/94) NORTH CAROLINA/NATIONWIDE: In-shape, executive gentleman, 6'-1", 187#, young 67, seeks masculine athletic type, 18-28 only, who likes sports, private visits. Athletes, models a real plus. Write, send photo: John, Box 12411, Charlotte, NC 28220

OHIO

(10/94) OHIO/NATIONWIDE: Husky GWM, 45, 5'-4", 190#, seeking men, 18-49, as a non-relationship oriented son/buddy type, penpal or sexual contact. Have many interests/qualities to offer anyone. Straight, bi, married or novice types welcome. Send letters to HPS, P.O. Box 99306, Cleveland, OH 44199.

(10/94) OHIO VERY SENIOR CITIZEN would like some friends who like to talk back and forth via the mail. I am 81 but very active. I like any race and any age correspondents and am partial to moustaches. Write: **FLIP**

(6/94) CLEAN-CUT, ALL-AMERICAN MAN WANTS CLEAN-CUT, ALL-AMERICAN BOY TYPE (over 18): My 6'-3", 225#, cuddly bear appearance would sugest I was a football player, which I was. My blond hair, blue eyes and fair skin would suggest that I was a Californian, which I was. I'm a great catch who hasn't been on the market for 16 years. A conservative dresser down to my boxer shorts, I'm honest and sensitive with a keen sense of the absurd. I own a successful business in Cleveland and a large house in Akron. I like good food, Manhattan, Newfoundland dogs and nice people. All-in-all, I'm a very special person who's looking for a very special person. Write with photo to: Barry, 336 South Rose Blvd., Akron, OH 44313.

VERMONT

(6/94) VERMONT: BiWM, 60, 5'-6", 175#, shy, lonesome, introverted, nonsmoker and social drinker seeks caring master, black a plus, to teach me B/D, S/M, shock oral servitide. Mold me to your desire. Write: **JOCKO**

VIRGINIA

(6/94) VIRGINIA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 57, 120#, 5'-7", endowed, HIV negative, retired, financially secure, lives alone, assures discreet privacy, safe sex only. I am outgoing, affectionate, literate, and sincere, with wide interests in arts, antiques, music, travel, reading and needlepoint. I seek distinguished, physically fit, 70-75 plus, white-haired gentleman with whom personal hygiene is paramount, and who desires initial, frank, honest correspondence with the prospect of developing an affectionate friendship having potential for long-term, monogamous, loving, intimate relationship. All letters with photo (dressed or nude OK) get mine. Write or call: Bob Boone, 2819 Leeds Ct., Chesapeake, VA 23321. Phone (804) 483-8941.

WASHINGTON

(6/94) SPOKANE: GWM, retired, 60, 5'-11", 180#, balding, salt and pepper hair, brown eyes, hairy, quiet, cigar and pipesmoker, sexually versatile. Live in rural area and like hunting, fishing, sports, etc. Would like to meet same, 30 to 70, masculine, employed/retired, local and western states. Leon (509) 937-2522.

(8/94) PACIFIC NORTHWEST, NATIONWIDE: GWM, 67, 5'-10", 200#, blond/grey, hazel, clean-cut, attractive, sincere, honest, secure, sexy, looking for younger version for a one-to-one, monogamous relationship. Enjoy: camping, nature, dining out, friends, laughter, and many things. Seek friendship/relationship with masculine romantic who loves to cuddle and will consider relocating. With the right man, I am flexible and into anything except pain. Photo gets mine. All answered. Write: Layton House, 110 N.W. 94th St., Vancouver, WA 98665.

INTERNATIONAL

(Postal rates for not more than 1/2 oz: Canada: .40; Mexico: .35; Other: .50. For not more than 1 oz: Canada: .40; Mexico: .45; Other: .95. Letters to coded advertisers will be returned to sender if postage is insufficient.)

(8/94) ASIAN-EUROPEAN: 44, 6'-2", 160#, looking for older gays, 55+ for friendship and more for traveling to Indonesian any time. Photo appreciated. Write to Dave, Derkinderenstraat 49X, 1062-DA Amsterdam, THE NETHERLANDS.

(6/94) BE OUR GUEST IN RIO: Free of high hotel bills. Expenses limited to sharing food and transportation. Every conceivable amenity possible. We are 70 and 39. You, 50 or over. Can accommodate up to six persons. Require six week advance notice. Write: **SALTY DOG**

(6/94) MEXICO: 50 y/o man, sincere, honest, caring and affectionate, professional, almost retired, seeks big guys for correspondence, friendship and maybe more. Can travel. Write: **LATINO**

(6/94) FINLAND: Healthy, 33, 5'-7", 150#, nice and single blond, seeks large Daddy (over 200#), age 50-70. No beard or moustache. Write: **CAPRICORN 61**

(10/94) MEXICO: GWM, 38, 5'-6", 155#, masculine, with muscular build. Interests: fine arts. Seeks: older, 60-80, stocky, grey or white hair. Write with photos to: Alvarado, Ebano 16, Sta. Ma. La Ribera, D.F. 06400, MEXICO.

(6/94) AUSTRIA: I am 26 years old, 182 cm (5'-10"), 85 kg (187#), looking for masculine daddy bear male, age 55-? My interests are: traveling, movies, theater, opera. Write (with photo, please) to Ryszard Chwastyk, Porzellangasse 11/35, 1090 Wien, AUSTRIA.

(8/95) BELGIUM: Good-looking and easy-going Mediterranean M.D., French speaking, would like to perfect my English and have a passionate relationship with a viril, healthy and mature man over 50. I am 45, hairy-chested, clean-shaven, viril, sensual and loyal. I love sports, good food and travel. No drugs or alcohol. WELCOME TO BRUSSELS. Letter with photo and phone appreciated. Call 32-2-478 46 42, or write: **MIKE OF BELGIUM**

*[IMPORTANT NOTE: Send unsolicited photos at your own risk. We recommend that you do not include photos in your initial correspondence to models or advertisers who do not ask for them. If you have sent **solicited** photos to a model or advertiser and they are reluctant to return same, write them again and show copy to us at bottom. If you still don't receive your photos within a reasonable time, contact us and we will intervene. Notice to models and advertisers: we will not tolerate failure to return solicited photos when asked to do so. Responders: please make*

sure you fit an advertiser's guidelines before writing. The advertiser is under no obligation to answer responders who are not the type asked for. On the other hand, if you do fit the description and the advertiser ignores your letter, consider him a loser and write someone else.]

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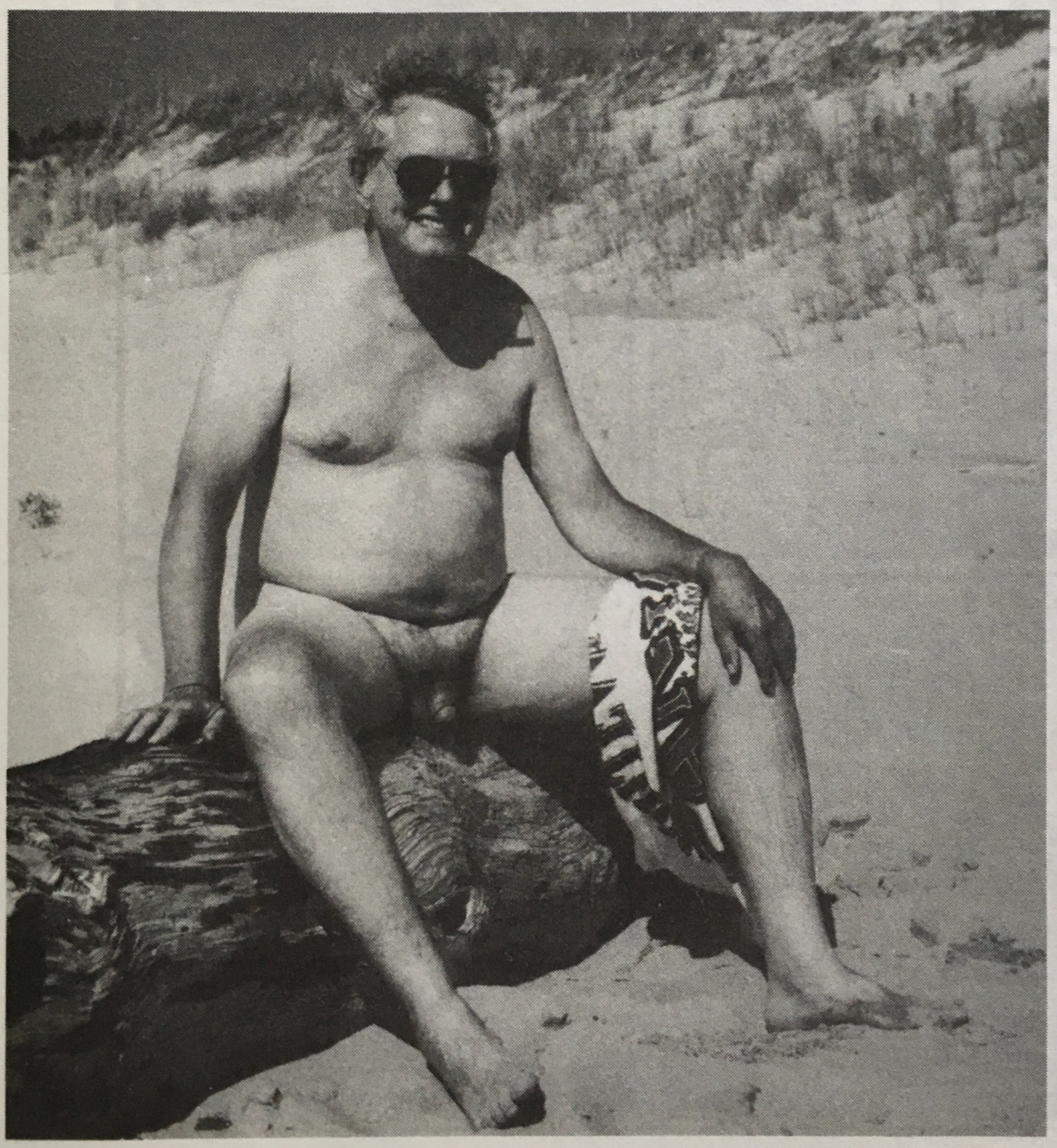
(6/94) DENVER: MILE HI BED/BREAKFAST. Kingsize beds, breakfast, VCR/TV, video and magazine library. Clean, comfortable and very reasonable. Call Bob at 1-800-513-7827. "Your room is waiting." Massage available also!

EMPLOYMENT

(6/94) WANTED: Man in his 30s to help me build "Palms of Manasota," an Alternative Lifestyle Retirement Home in Sarasota, Florida. Must re-locate and must be willing to get a license, at our expense, to pilot a 45-foot yacht. I will interview all prospective applicants at the CR Gathering in Las Vegas in June. Please see Bill Laing, Coordinator, in the hospitality area

PUBLICATIONS

(8/94) Turned off by washboard stomach, bubble-butt fiction posing as the real thing? If down-to-earth truth turns you on, send for this little amateur magazine of true male sex experiences from correspondents around the world. $3.00 each, Nos. 1 and 2. RANCH, P.O. Box 44871, Phoenix, AZ 85064-4871. State that you are over 21. Cash okay.



BEACHED WHALE

photo by GAYFEATHER

COACH BIGGS
HEY BUDDY! WHATTAYA DOIN' HERE AT 8:00 ON A FRIDAY NIGHT?!
I'M GETTIN' IN AN EXTRA WORKOUT, BIGGS! GONNA TAKE FIRST PLACE IN THE OVER-50 MASTERS MR. WEST COAST CONTEST NEXT WEEK!
YEAH? WOW!
WELL, I THINK YA LOOK GREAT, BUD! YA GOT MORE DEFINITION THAN A FUCKIN' DICTIONARY!
THAT'S THE IDEA! I BEEN WORKIN' EVERY DAMN MUSCLE I GOT, INCLUDING SOME YOU NEVER HEARD OF!
I GOT A ROUTINE FOR MY NECK... FOREARMS... CALVES... TRAPS... MY GLUTES... HELL! I EVEN DO A COUPLE OF REPS TO BUILD UP MY DAMN COCK!
YOUR... WHAT?! YOU'RE JOKING, RIGHT?
DELBERT, WHAT DO YOU THINK!?
WELL, IT IS A MUSCLE... I GUESS... HMM...
WHAT A FRUITCAKE! I JUST LOVE THE GUY!

WALKER

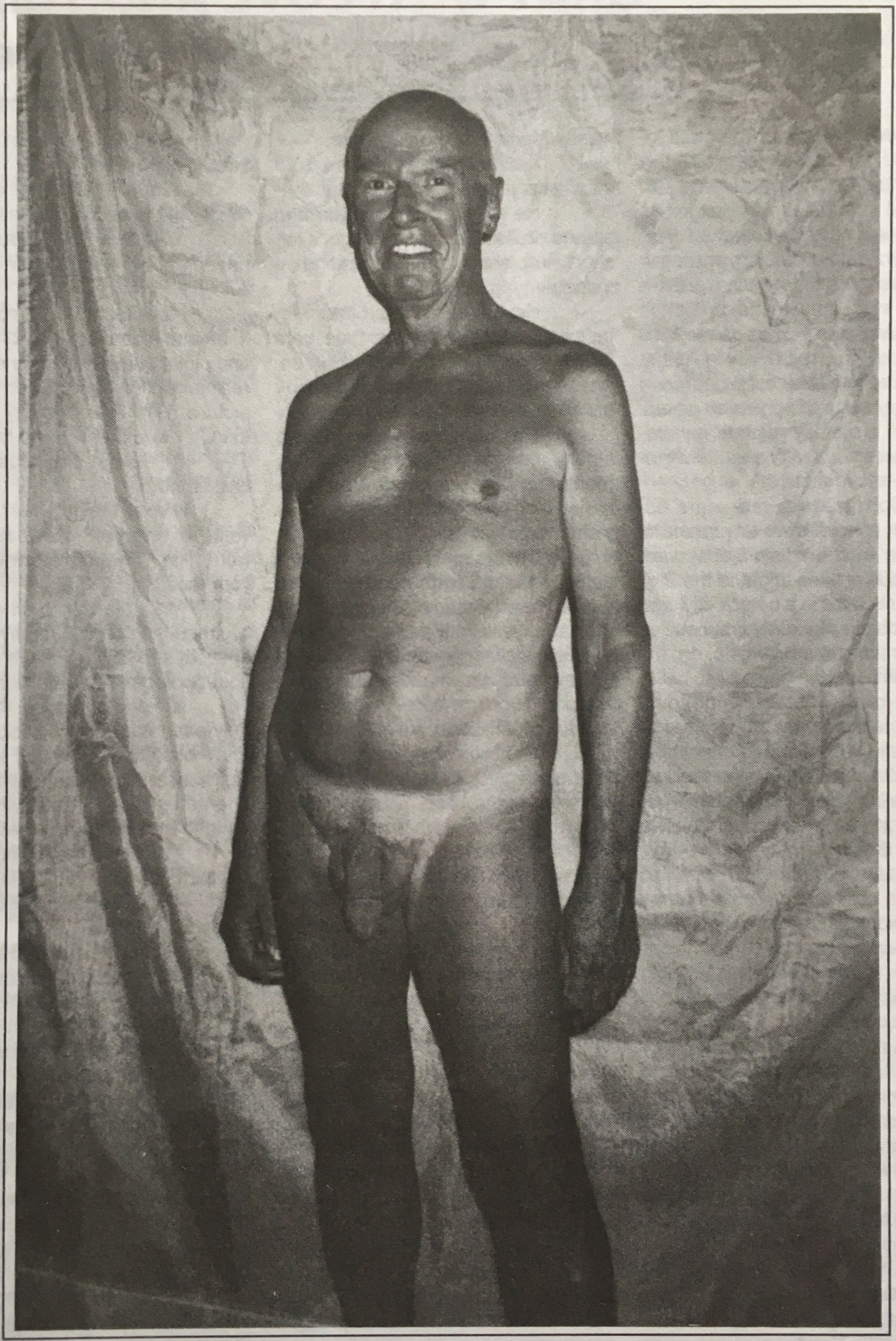


photo by ROGER

GRAY WITH LOVE AND TUMMY

by ralph kelley

As a young man I tried to ignore my "differences" because I didn't understand them and really didn't know what to do about them. For example, during church services I'd get an erection just watching the clergyman giving his sermon. When he grew a beautiful white moustache, I reached orgasm during the service. A religious experience? Perhaps. I did get what looked like the Pentecostal rapture. I had a very happy expression on my face and I groaned, much to my embarrassment. But why was this happening to me?

College gave me some escape from a small-town environment, and there I listened and observed. The conclusion was to get to the Bradley Steam Baths in a nearby city, and I set the day to make my first positive step toward getting a grip on my troublesome world.

I drove the seventy-some miles to the place that I heard was "a great steam bath that had everything anybody ever wanted, and then some." The place looked shabby, and it never occurred to me that I could catch a venereal disease.

In the locker room, I was filled with some doubt, and I looked at my watch to note that if nothing happened in two hours, I would give up the experiment. I felt a little ill-at-ease being in the neighborhood and wasn't at all sure of myself.

As I started to get out of my clothing, I dropped my shorts and looked again at my watch. Suddenly a hand came around my body and turned me halfway around. An experienced mouth enveloped my penis. I could only watch the bobbing head below me as the feeling of ecstasy surged up my body.

A young man with dark hair pulled away and looked up at me. "Now that's what I call a premature ejaculation!" The tone of his voice wasn't friendly. It was derisive.

"I didn't hear you come in," I said lamely.

He opened his locker and started dressing. "You're trigger's too short. You should practice holding on longer."

His advice angered me. "I'm just getting started. The fuse gets longer about the fifth time."

He looked at me and shook his head.

I turned away and saw two elderly men standing near the steam room door. They seemed to be whispering something about me as they went inside.

Determined not to feel intimidated, I walked to the entrance and pushed open the door, never thinking to wrap myself with a towel. Another erection, waiting, ready to be grabbed by any hand, was standing out strong and proud from my body. I was primed and full of anticipation. This was it!

The two elderly men—both in their eighties, I figured—were sitting nude on the first tier. One man was bald with a fringe of white hair. He had a big white moustache. His friend had a full head of white hair. They were not the hunks I'd been expecting to go for me, and for a moment I wondered whatever happened to the wild world of the steam bath.

There was another younger man there, but he was seated up on the third tier at the far right.

"Look at this," the bald man said, staring at me and not bothering to lower his voice.

"And we weren't going to come today! What we would have missed," said his friend.

"Such a pretty picture, Ari. He must be new!"

I was amused at the way they inspected me like a side of beef.

"Nice and white and pink, all surrounded by such beautiful black hair. Have you ever seen such silky black hair, Walter?"

"He's never been here before. We would have known," said Walter.

"Suck a cockle-doodle-do, I haven't seen in a long time," cooed Ari.

"His tummy is picture-perfect ... all that nice black hair on his white and pink tummy. His mother must be real proud of him. Such a perfect picture. I'm really happy we came today. I wouldn't want to miss this."

"He's got nice legs, too," Ari exclaimed.

From the top tier came the voice of the younger man. "Don't worry, kid. They'll never even notice your face."

As I started to sit down, the two men got up, took me by the arms, and sat me down. I felt uncertain about going along with them.

Beside them on the bench, they each had a cloth shopping bag. They busied themselves taking out stuff and putting the items on the bench. Then they took buckets and started filling them with warm water.

"What are they doing?" I asked the third man.

"They're getting the virgin ready for sacrifice."

"What?" I wanted to leave.

"Aw, go along with them. You'll like it. They're harmless."

The two older men, jabbering at each other happily, came back and sat on either side of me. Their long fingers took my hands and began massaging them. They started washing and rubbing on some pleasantly fragrant soap. Then came the rinsing, followed by a rather interesting ritual. Each took my fingers into their mouths and sucked them. It was a strange yet erotic feeling.

This was followed by a "massage wash" up my arms to my shoulders and neck. At the neck area, they

massaged up into my scalp. It was beginning to feel great. Later came the rinse and further massaging.

At this point they had me stretch out on my stomach. Walter started at my feet, working up my legs, and Ari worked down from my neck and shoulders. Eventually they arrived at my butt together. Gently, they separated the cheeks.

"Such a pretty little rosebud, all pink and white," said Ari.

"The third man's voice came through clearly: "That's where his shit comes out."

"Now don't talk dirty, Jonathan," Ari scolded.

"I suppose it doesn't stink," Jonathan said and laughed.

Ari tried to ignore him and turned to me. "Turn over on your back now, little one, and we'll get to the real business of the day."

Ari washed my cock and balls while Walter washed my belly with a gentle rubbing action. After rinsing the area, Ari very slowly massaged my testicles and inner thighs.

Their slow, gentle movements were making me feel pampered, relaxed and very comfortable. I felt close to drifting off to sleep, but a pleasurable tension started building, steadily, and my penis was getting tighter and harder. Ari seemed to be tightening his hold. My balls seemed to be pulling up tighter. The feeling was getting intense. I thought my load was tangled and couldn't get out, but suddenly I shot. Some of it hit my shoulder and neck.

"Look! Look!" cried Ari. "A world's record! Higher than anybody. Higher than anybody, I bet."

"Three-feet-high, I bet," exclaimed Walter.

They spent a lot of time cleaning me up, and by then I had sort of regained my senses. Feeling compelled to reciprocate, I reached out and took hold of their cocks. They just stood there, dumbfounded as I started to jack them.

I looked up at Ari and smiled, then I leaned forward to take his penis inside my mouth. He gave a quick little cry and pulled back.

"You were very kind to me," I said. Standing, I brought him up close and gave him a little hug. "I don't want you to back up or pull away from me."

I thought his eyes were filling with tears as he said, "I'm eighty-nine, and I'm ..."

"And you're going to get hugged." I held him tightly. Then I reached down and took his balls and prick in my hand.

Jonathan said, "Well, this is a new one."

I could feel a slight rise in Ari's penis.

"You shouldn't be doing this," he said.

"I like older men. Smile." His cock was about half-erect. His expression was one of ambivalence.

"I'm too old."

Walter came through with the prize statement of the evening when he said, "But Ari, you have to try. You *have* to try. Don't give up! Maybe no one will do it for you again."

I held Ari up against me as I continued to jack him off. To my surprise, his penis got harder and there was a sudden jerking as he shot a little semen.

"Oh my God!" Walter cried. "Oh my God!"

I gave Ari a big hug then turned to Walter and said, "Okay, it's your turn."

Walter collected his things and was gone very quickly. Ari stood and looked at me seemingly oblivious to his friend's departure. He kept his eyes focused on me as he collected his belongings and started for the door. Without saying a word, he put down his things and came over to me. I gave him a big hug. He turned and started to walk away, then he stopped and turned again.

"You think you need another one?" I went over to him and gave him a good strong hug. Smiling, he turned and was gone.

Jonathan broke the ensuing silence. "You certainly made their day. They'll be telling their story for weeks. Everyone around here is going to know who you are."

I told him that I felt a little funny touching two guys that old.

"No matter what the age is, we all need it. Some guys father children even when they're in their nineties. What we need to do is learn at a very early age how to enjoy it."

The locker room was a somewhat dingy area that had seen better days. I sat down in one of the chairs there and wondered why I didn't just get dressed and go. There certainly wasn't much activity. To think I had waited so long for that night. I had a lot to learn!

An older man, a towel wrapped around his middle, came out of a private room. Tanned, with gray hair and a moustache, he had a flat belly, good legs and craggy features. He looked neither to the right or to the left as he headed for the steam room.

Later, after he'd come back out and showered, he stood drying himself and met my gaze.

"Hi," he said. "Come here often?"

"No, this is my first time."

"How are you finding it?"

"It could be better."

"That's for sure," he said. "I come here for the steam room, and I guess because of the memories too. This used to be some place! The orgy room was always packed. Nothing happens here now. I stop in every now and again for a steam. I have to drive by every week, so I stop in. I'm surprised they can keep it open."

We visited, and I was soon telling him that I was gay but that I didn't know much about what that meant. I told him about my problems: that I came from a small community, that my parents were very religious, that I had trouble watching the clergyman. He seemed like a very nice man as he listened to my problems. I told him I was almost a virgin.

It wasn't long until he invited me back to his small room. When he took off his towel, I saw that he had an erection. He smiled and took hold of my cock.

"We got to get this thing up and smiling," he said.

He indicated that I should

stretch out on the bed, and he started the "encouragement." It was magical and we made passionate love.

Within the hour I was beginning to feel a rush of joy and kept saying to myself, "I'm home. This is what I want. To me, this is right."

I felt so very comfortable with him.

After the hour was over, he stood and had me stand beside him. He took me in his arms and hugged and kissed me. He worked me very slowly and soon I was feeling overwhelmed. I thought I was as stiff and hard as was possible for me. The feelings were getting intense, but I was determined to hold out as long as he did. Then I heard him groan and felt his hips lift. Liquid flowed over my hand. My feelings were too intense and the rapture took over. I gasped for air as the movement started. I had never felt quite like that before.

In spite of being covered with spent, thick semen, we held each other in silence for a very long time.

"Ready for a shower?" he asked, breaking the spell.

I was in love. At that moment, if he'd asked me to shower standing on my head, I would have. My world was the world with him in it.

After we showered, I sat in the little room and watched him get dressed to leave. Panic swept over me when I realized I was butt-naked and he was leaving.

He gave me a kiss and asked, "Would you take my card and call me sometime?" He slipped me the card and before I knew what was happening, he was gone.

I dressed and hurried outside but couldn't see him.

The night air hit me, and my knees seemed like they were about to buckle. I sat down on the curb to gain my strength and composure. Realizing I had to drive over seventy miles, I got up and staggered to my car across the street.

An alley cat appeared from under a fence and looked at me. It seemed to know that in my condition I was completely harmless. It walked toward me.

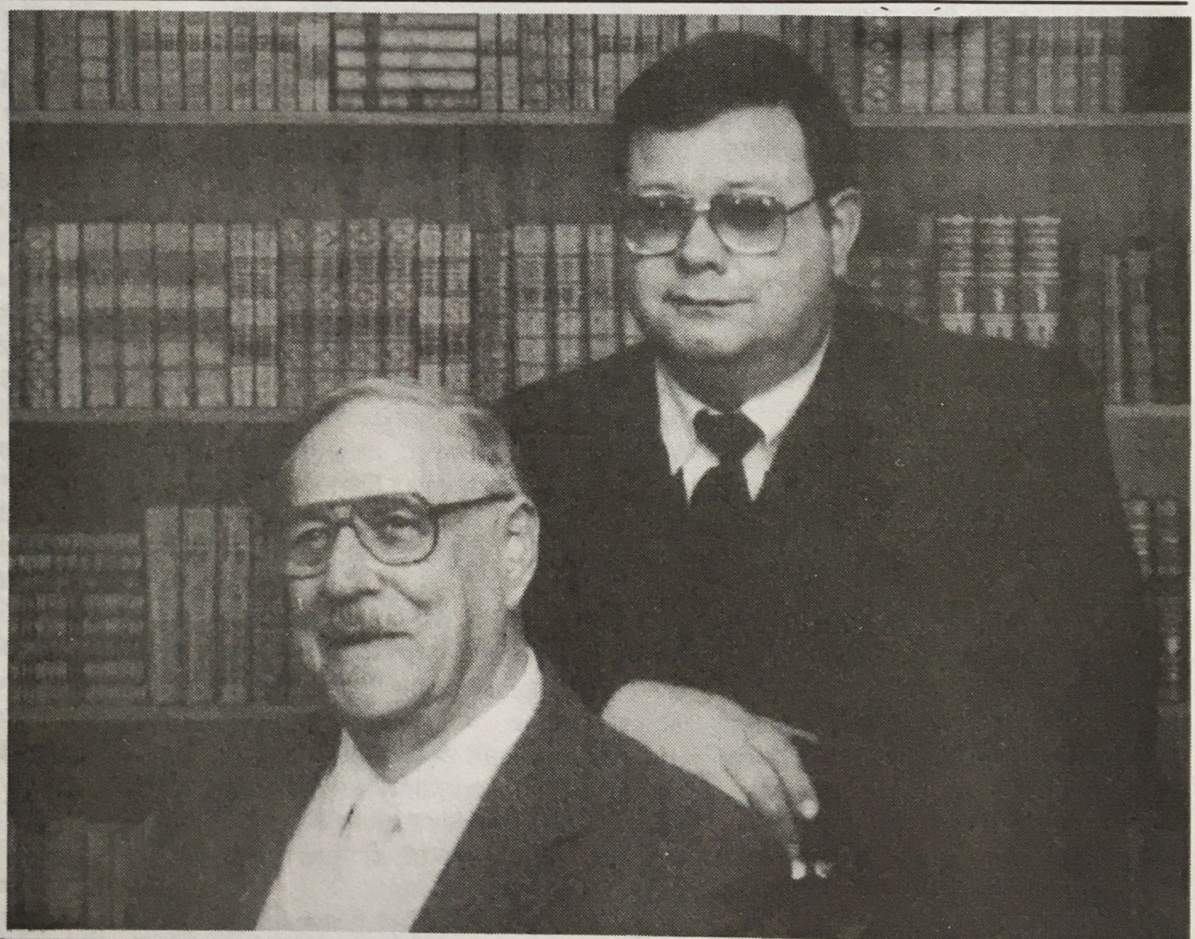
I said, "Sorry, kitty, I'm taken," and then I opened the car door and fell inside. All the activity had been too much. I could barely stay awake and reached out to close the car door. Even that was a struggle.

I awakened just at dawn. I felt peaceful and felt a warmth from my chest. I looked down and saw that I had the cat in my arms. The card with my few friend's telephone number on it was on the dash, a ray of sunlight illuminating it.

I caressed the kitten and decided to take it home. In the days to come it was nice to have the kitten to tell all the things that had happened between me and the man with whom I'd fallen in love.

RALPH is a retired school teacher in his early 70s. Eight years ago, on the verge of death, he met lifemate Bob, 50, and his life miraculously turned around. He says, "Retirement is great! Better than working for money. Now I can work at what I like best."

T.J. & FUZZY BEAR



An Idyll In New Mexico

by Nick Adams

My monthly trips to Albuquerque to lecture at the University are about to change. I normally drive up on Sunday to be there in time for dinner with Sammy and Margaret. Sammy and I were in the same department in the Midwest before I left the academic tower for the storefront agencies to teach adults to read. When Sammy moved to the university four years ago to teach English, he invited me to be a part-time faculty member. I stayed overnight at their home, lectured at nine on Monday, had office hours or discussions with students, was on the road to Phoenix by one o'clock, and arrived at home before ten.

The pattern was altered yesterday and perhaps is gone forever.

It was 12:45 in Albuquerque when I got on I-40. I was passing Coors Road when a shiny blue Datsun 280Z pulled into the right lane beside me. A glimpse of the driver made me want a better look. A blond in his early 30s, he gave me a glance and moved ahead in traffic.

He soon disappeared among the cars and trucks that made up the color-dotted parallels moving over the hills. I lapsed into one of my "life passing me by" reveries. I wondered if the blond would have looked longer had it not been for my salt-and-pepper beard. My oval face didn't hide the reality that I'm not a man with "weight in proportion to height." I rode uneasily, looking through my negative self-viewer as I watched his car move in and out of traffic. Then it disappeared over the hill.

I dismissed my self-doubt with a sigh and a chuckle. It promised to be a good driving day, brightly sunny as it so often is. I concerned myself with driving and enjoying the scenery, even though the interstate from Albuquerque to Laguna Pueblo is pretty dull. The most changeable element is usually the line of semis low-gearing their way up the hills. There was something different today—a bright blue Z under the canopy of the Chevron station at Rio Puerco.

About ten minutes later he was passing me on the left. He gave a little wave as he went by and then pulled into the right lane. Soon I passed him, and we played leap-frog for the next thirty miles. I wished the game would go on forever, but my bladder was killing me. I just had to stop at the rest area at Acoma and feared our parting was at hand.

What was I getting into? Should I just go on to Phoenix? Could a man so good-looking and twenty years younger really be interested in me?

Thanks to three slow-pulling eighteen-wheelers and a daring pass or two on my part, he was behind me when I pulled off.

When I came out of the men's room, the blue sports car was next to my scarred Chevy, and the driver was leaning against his front fender. His five-ten or so body was well-proportioned, his arms muscular, a pleasant smile on his face. "Where're you bound for?" was his greeting.

"Home to Phoenix."

"I suppose your wife is waiting dinner for you."

"No, I'm not married, and I don't have anyone special waiting dinner." Was that too much to tell him?

"My name's Eric." His right hand came forward confidently but gently.

"I'm Nick." The handshake was friendly, warm. "You sound like you're from the Mid—"

"Minnesota ... but I've been out here for a long time. I work for the Forest Service." He grinned. "I guess you're going to stay overnight in Grants." It was a declaration with no hint of question.

"Hadn't planned to." I grinned back. "Is there something special going on in Grants?"

He hooked his thumbs into his belt so that his hands formed a "V" into his crotch. "I'm sure something will come up." His tone and expression were impish and inviting. "I'll meet you at the first exit, eighty-five, and lead you to my house. Just stay to the right. I'll be in front of the restaurant if we get separated." With that, he slid quickly into his car and headed out of the parking lot.

The miles to Grants seemed longer than they'd ever been. On the other hand, everything was happening too fast. What was I getting into? Should I just go on to Phoenix? Could a man so good-looking and twenty years younger really be interested in me? Maybe it was a setup. The questions and doubts mixed with flattery and curiosity and turned together almost as fast as the speeding tires under me.

I followed Eric down the off-ramp and through the city streets to an unpaved road leading to an area of small houses on big lots. Eric pulled into a gravel drive and parked next to a green Forest Service truck. He waved for me to pull in behind. Shoulder-high lilac bushes separated his lot from the next. The lawn was well cared for. "Bring your stuff in," he called, heading for the side door.

The kitchen looked as if a maid had just cleaned. "This is a nice-looking place—not what I expected of a man who works in forests."

"I like to keep it looking like somebody's gonna drop in. Not that it happens often. People around here pretty much have to be invited. Every now and then I have people over. A few—like you—stay the night. Put your gear in the bedroom. I use it just for guests." Eric led me into a small room where there were Native American rugs, Ansel Adams photographs, earth-tone colors, a large antique-looking bed.

"This feels like New Mexico. I stay with friends in Albuquerque, but my room there is pretty much out of Chicago. I like the Southwest style. I've a lot of art and pottery in my place." I put my garment bag on the bed.

"I'm glad you decided to come," he said from behind me. When I turned, his shirt was pulled open and framed his torso. The triangle at his throat, darkened by the sun, pointed into blond down that deepened into light-brown as the hair seemed to move between his pecs into a darker path down his stomach and into his belt line. He needed only one step to pull me into his embrace. My face fell against his left shoulder, rich with the scent of light sweat and English Leather. I let my arms encircle him, feeling the definition and firmness of the muscles in his back. "I think I'm glad I stopped," I mumbled as I turned my face upward.

I kissed his neck, then his cheek. His head turned down, and he kissed my lips gently. I returned the kiss, lingering, and felt the tip of his tongue caressing my lips.

He moved away. "We've only just met." This with another impish grin and spoken as a line from a B movie. "Let's get something to drink. I've got iced tea, beer, Seven-Up, Coke, maybe some orange juice or mineral water."

Carrying glasses of iced tea, we sat at the kitchen table as he talked about going to Albuquerque on weekends and days off, hoping to meet an older man with whom to settle down. "I've always felt more comfortable with men fifteen or twenty years older than me," he said. "I guess I'm a kind of squire looking for a knight who's done a lot of the battles and is willing to relax about life." He told me about the supervisor on his first Forest Service job.

"I was just out of college," he said. "He was in his middle forties. We liked one another from the start. He was married with a really nice wife and kids that he loved dearly. We were doing a survey job up in the Jemez and sharing one of the rooms in the ranger station. We'd been working and bunking together for about two weeks. I found him attractive, but he was married. I'd never had sex with another man and didn't know how to bring it up. Besides, he was my boss. Then one night we were getting ready for bed, and he asked if I ever wanted to sleep with a man. He went on before I could answer. 'Frankly, I'm dying to sleep with you.' Can you beat that? That was the first of many nights. After we went back to the main office, we'd still get together every now and then. If his wife knew we had something going, she never let on. I always felt welcome at their house. It's a good friendship. He was transferred to another state, but we still talk on the phone. We get together every now and then. I've learned that knights can be passionate as well as wise."

I told Eric about my first love who had come into my life when I was thirty-seven. We both were professors on sabbatical in San Francisco. We enjoyed the openness of life, romanced one another in bed and out, and parted after an academic year. I saw him again eight years later and stayed with him until he died of AIDS a year later. "So here I am," I said, "fifty-three, graying and fat, sitting in Grants, New Mexico, telling my life story to a man who cruised me on the interstate and ...wondering what his intentions are."

"We'd better start thinking about some dinner," Eric suggested. "While I fire up some charcoal, why don't you take a shower and relax? There are fresh towels behind the bathroom door."

The shower was a triangular walk-in that was luxurious compared with my in-tub model at home. The water lifted fatigue and warmed hope. I had my eyes closed and my face lifted into the spray when I felt the door open.

"I hope you don't mind if I join you."

I moved a bit to one side and wiped the water from my eyes. His torso was tanned by the sun. The contrast from his belt line to toes provided a marble pillar on which sat a bronze sculpture. His genitals emerged from a valley of brown hair, darkened by the water.

"Running water can sure liven up a weary body," I said.

He gripped my upper arms and pulled us together, not into a hug, but more like a couple would hold each other to dance. Water splashed one chest and then the other as we circled. Eric turned me away and I felt his back and buttocks against me. His hands grasped mine and we turned in a circle facing outward. Eric let go and, when he touched me again, his hands were filled with a gel he used to lather my body. He took my hand and squeezed some gel into my palms. The soap left white trails as our hands moved over one another, each following the other's lead like the leap-frog we'd played on the highway.

I hoped that my touch to his balls was as gentle as the grip with which he held me. I wanted to prolong the embrace, because something had surely come up in Grants.

I moved his hand from me and released my grasp so that I could get down on my knees and take him in my mouth. He put his hands in my armpits and raised me to my full height.

"Let's wait for that," he said and kissed me. This time his tongue was more insistent. I let him explore my mouth and I reciprocated. I felt the softness of my stomach pulled hard against his muscles. Our erections touched between our bodies.

"The charcoal's not the only thing gettin' hot around here." Eric

turned off the water.

We used thick-piled towels to dry each other off. Then Eric pulled me into the guest room, almost lifted me onto the bed and dried my feet. He leaned over and kissed me. "Time to make dinner." He smiled and pushed himself up to his feet. He cupped my balls in his hand, kissed the head of my cock, and strode into his bedroom across the small hall. I lay with a floating sensation and watched as he pulled on a shirt and a pair of khaki shorts.

When the dishes were finished and the kitchen returned to order, we sat on the patio, watching the stars emerge from a darkening sky. The October evening would cool soon, but now it carried the warmth from the day. Our chairs were close, and Eric held my hand. Our talk turned to loneliness and fear. Eric was strongly feeling the mid-30s fear of growing older. I told him my version of the same fear, made more intense with twenty additional years.

"We're getting melancholy," he said. "Let's put on some music."

He went inside and I soon heard the sound of strings playing "Lara's Theme" from *Doctor Zhivago*. The speakers were in the kitchen, the music soft outside. He switched off the kitchen light, leaving us together in the darkness.

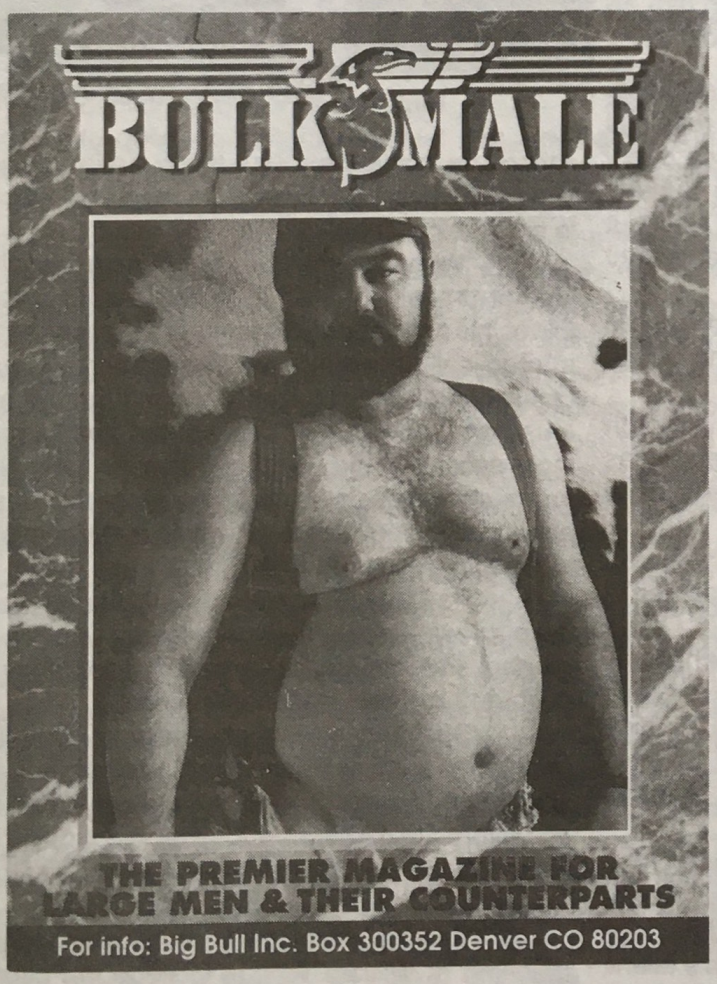
Three steps brought him back to the chairs. I rose and placed my arms around his neck, pulling his head downward. As we kissed, his hands moved down my back and then up again in a gentle massage. I released his neck and began massaging his body.

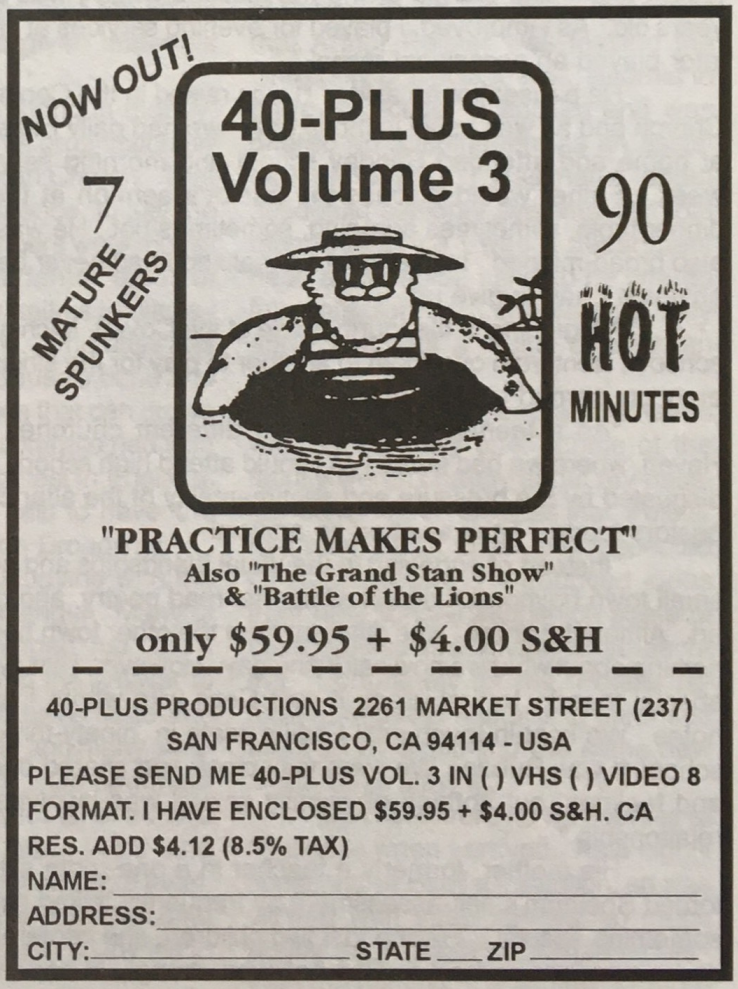
I felt his hand move between us. He unbuttoned my shirt and caressed the hair on my chest and made slow circles around a nipple.

My hand moved to his crotch, where I found the zipper. Slowly unzipping his fly, I reached inside and found that he wore no underwear.

Never separating, we moved inside for a night of string music and romance. The knight and the squire rode together, and the road itself changed.

NICK ADAMS is single and 54. He works in human services related to health care. Physically and romantically as described in the story, his closest male friends range in age from their 30s to 70s.

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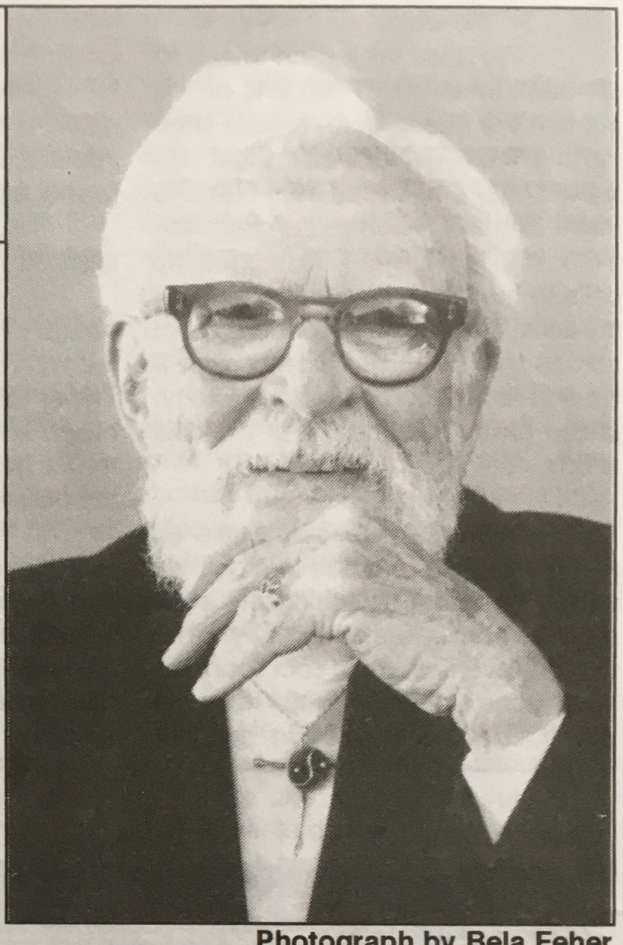
AN INTERVIEW WITH LESLIE PRATT SPELMAN

by Jim Kitchen



Photograph by Bela Feher

It was a glorious winter afternoon in La Jolla as I stood on the porch watching sunlight glint off the Pacific. I rang the door bell.

"Just a minute," someone called. Soon a tall, courtly man opened the door, smiled and held out his hand. "Please come in."

Surely this man wasn't in his ninety-second year! His eyes seemed unclouded, his voice though quiet was strong and clear, his handclasp firm.

We sat at opposite ends of a sofa. "Well, what do you want to know about me?" Dr. Leslie Spelman asked.

I told him that I'd like to know how he started his musical career.

"I didn't choose music. Music chose me!"

Before we went further, he asked me to call him "Pratt", his middle name which he much preferred.

He leaned forward and began to talk in long, uninterrupted passages.

"I had a lot of encouragement and support. My grandmother taught piano and started giving me lessons when I was about five years old. As I improved, I played for evening services at church and later played an occasional recital."

He paused for an aside. "I was raised in the Congregational Church and as was usual in those days, we had daily Bible readings at home and attended Sunday school and morning service every week. Father would discuss the pastor's sermon at the Sunday dinner table, sometimes agreeing, sometimes not. He was strict but also broad-minded. In later years, I realized I had never been taught anything I had to give up.

"Beginning in the fourth grade at the Covert, Michigan, public school, I went from one room to another to play for the singing and so early on learned to sight read.

"As a teenager I played for different churches in South Haven, where we had moved so I could attend high school, and I was disgusted by the pressure and sentimentality of the altar calls some pastors made. They seemed so artificial.

"Instead of engaging in the usual friendships and activities of small town boyhood, I despised sports, read poetry, and dabbled in art. Although I knew I was different from the other town boys, I knew nothing about what we now call being gay. However, I always had one special friend. In first grade it was Cecil with whom I exchanged notes. We kept in touch until Cecil's death in ninety-three. In high school, it was Ruben. We were very close and shared our thoughts and feelings, but nothing physically sexual was involved in either relationship."

His mother, formerly a teacher in a one-room school, reinforced Spelman's self-assessment by frequently telling him, "You're something special." Having lost two children, she centered her love and aspirations on Leslie. She believed strongly in her son's talent, and when she realized that Grandmother had brought him as far as she could, she arranged for him to study with a better teacher in South Haven, several miles away. Once a week while still in grammar school, he made the round-trip by train, music bag in one hand and twenty-five cents for lunch in a pocket.

"When the time for college came, again Mother prevailed. Father wanted me to go to Olivet, his alma mater in Michigan, to prepare for a 'practical' career. Several members of our family had already sought fame and fortune as musicians, only to fail. He wanted something more secure for me. Mother believed in my gift for music and insisted that I be given the best opportunity to develop it. She won and I went off to Oberlin College in Ohio.

He paused and smiled. "Oberlin was quite an awakening. In South Haven, I'd been a musical star; at Oberlin, I was just another student. My first real lesson in humility."

Spelman spent six years at Oberlin (1922-28), earning Bachelor of Arts degrees in both art and music, as well as a Master of Arts in art history. In 1925, as a 22-year-old junior, he also passed the examination for Associate of the American Guild of Organists (AAGO).

Spelman left Oberlin in 1928 to begin teaching at William Woods College in Fulton, Missouri. During the first year there, he married his first wife, Muriel. In the second year, at the age of 25, he became music director when the

incumbent went elsewhere.

During his student years, Spelman also attended summer sessions at the University of Michigan, where he met his special friend, Bill. "My wife knew about him, as we visited one another over several years. I felt no guilt about the relationship, as I thought of sex with men as occupying a separate compartment of my life."

One summer Spelman signed up for a class in Buddhist sculpture simply because it offered a respite from the summer heat on the way back from an outlying earlier class. It turned out to be an extremely significant "accidental" decision.

"I didn't know anything about Buddhism or much about sculpture or much about the Orient. But I quickly became interested, and as a result also became very friendly with the professor, who was both a Buddhist and an Episcopalian. That seemed like a strange combination, but he had no problem keeping the two straight. I visited him in his home many times as my introduction to Buddhist sculpture led me to questions about Buddhist thought, philosophy and religion.

"When the summer term ended, I wanted to know more, not only about sculpture, but even more about Buddhism itself. I asked the professor where I could find the best examples of Buddhist sculpture in this country, and he mentioned Boston, Kansas City and Toronto, Canada. So I traveled by bus to all these cities.

"He said also that if I went to Boston I must look up Ananda Coomaraswamy, the head of the Oriental Division of the Boston Museum. So I made an appointment, thinking it would be a brief courtesy call to introduce myself and to convey my professor's good wishes. Instead, that visit changed my life.

"Coomaraswamy appreciated my sincere interest in Buddhism and spent an entire afternoon answering more fully my questions about Buddhist philosophy. I left him hungry to learn more. I began to read Coomaraswamy's writings and through this study came to believe that Eastern wisdom could enrich our Western ways of thinking. It gave me a whole new approach to spirituality, new openness and acceptance of life."

Dissatisfied with his own level of musicianship, Spelman resigned from William Woods College in 1930. "I wanted to study with Lynnwood Farnum, but gave up on that when I found out there was a five-year waiting period before I could begin. Instead, Muriel and I embarked for Paris. I began studying with Joseph Bonnet as well as with Nadia Boulanger. Bonnet's fee was two hundred dollars in advance for ten lessons. That was a lot in nineteen-thirty, when apartment rent was about thirty-five to forty dollars, and a good meal cost around a dollar.

"Bonnet was a marvelous teacher for me, as he seemed to have mystical leanings. He would say that the harmonic series is one of those universal laws—'It just IS'—like Genesis. 'All we can do,' he'd tell us, 'is manipulate the God-given materials in composition.'

"I needed to bring in money, so I took a position as organist/choirmaster at the American Church. That was a learning experience, to say the least. The choir members were mostly American voice students, most of whom wanted opportunities to display their individual talents. One bass had been a soloist with Sousa's band and was billed as 'the voice that can drown out a brass band'; a contralto had won a national oratorio contest in England; and a soprano was said to have 'the most beautiful legs on Broadway.'

"I was also studying with the legendary Nadia Boulanger. Many of her students worshipped her, but I never thought she had the answer to everything. She did have taste and was a great help to me and many other American musicians. On Wednesdays she had a class for all of us who were studying with her. We'd sing Bach cantatas and then analyze them. Boulanger would have soloists come in and afterwards, we'd all be invited to 'high tea.'

"Muriel was taking piano lessons, and our money began to run out even with my salary from the American Church. Fortunately, both Bonnet and Boulanger were understanding. When I told Bonnet I would have to take fewer lessons, he said just to continue. After about fourteen or fifteen unpaid lessons, he'd suggest it was time to pay for another ten.

"Boulanger's attitude was similar. Because I was serious and was married, I should just continue my lessons and pay her little by little after I went back to the States and had a job.

"Well, when we got back home in thirty-two, it was the middle of the depression. Our first child was on the way, I had no job waiting for me, and things looked pretty bleak. Happily, several good offers soon came and I accepted a position as head of the music department at Meredith College in Raleigh, North Carolina.

"In my fifth year there, I got a letter from a Baptist missionary I'd met at the American Church. He told me that Arthur Poister was leaving the University of Redlands in California to go to Syracuse. I applied and was offered an appointment as an assistant professor. I was naive about academic seniority systems and told them that since I was a department head at Meredith, I should be offered full professor rank. Surprisingly, they agreed without a recital or even an interview.

"The first year at Redlands was not an easy one. Some of the faculty weren't happy about my passing them in rank. Besides that, Poister had been much loved and respected by his students. I introduced ideas from new scholarship which some of them resisted as disloyalty to his teaching. Fortunately for me, Poister returned to give a recital and surprised them all by exhibiting the same new ideas in his playing.

"There were no art courses at Redlands when I arrived. As a highly conservative Baptist institution, art was viewed with suspicion as 'so much nudity and questionable pleasures.' With the coming of a somewhat more liberal president, I was asked to develop and teach a course in art appreciation. Wonderful! It gave me a

chance to use some of what I'd learned at Oberlin, and the students responded enthusiastically. From a beginning of eight or ten, enrollments mushroomed into new courses and eventually a department of art. Later, I also taught a graduate course in Aesthetics.

But not everything was perfect. In Raleigh, the Spelmans had visited a Quaker meeting and found themselves drawn to the practice of silent worship. However, they also loved and appreciated art in many forms and became dissatisfied with the restrictions of this "plain" Quaker Meeting.

In Redlands, they looked up the Quakers and, when in the home of the clerk of the Meeting, they saw paintings on the wall and Oriental rugs on the floor, they knew the Society of Friends would be their permanent spiritual home.

"As everyone knows, Quakers are pacifists. During World War Two, this was not a popular position to uphold, and when I became active as a draft counselor and helped young men find alternatives to military service, I lost my position as organist at a local church. No other church offered employment, and I was effectively blacklisted for nine years.

"It was a blessing in disguise. I used the free time to finish work for a doctorate in history from the Claremont Gradutate School. With the Ph.D. in hand, I became Director of the Division of Arts and School of Music, and continued in that position until retirement in nineteen sixty-eight."

In 1949, something happened which brought attention to American composers of music for the organ and at the same time brought wide notice to Spelman himself. A new Moller organ was installed at what is now North Texas State University, with dedicatory recitals by four American organists. Not one work by an American composer was included. Spelman thought this was deplorable and discussed with his students as to what might be done to bring recognition of our own composers. A few years later the opportunity arose.

"In fifty-six, we decided to celebrate the installation of a new console for the Casavant organ at Redlands by hosting a student recital series featuring American works. What resulted was a program of seven recitals, the premiere of an opera by a member of the Redlands faculty and a symposium on new orchestral music. One of the programs consisted entirely of premieres performed from manuscript."

The series drew national attention to American composers, to Redlands University and to Spelman. As a result, Summy-Birchard published his two-volume *Organ Teaching: Methods and Materials.*

"In a real sense, it was bread cast upon the waters to return tenfold."

During the years at Redlands, Spelman became widely known for his ideas about and methods of teaching organ, resulting in a presentation before the First International Congress of Organists in London in 1957. As Spelman's reputation spread, he concertized throughout the United States and in Amsterdam, Haarlem, London, Paris and Zürich. One reviewer in the Netherlands remarked that Spelman was "the very antithesis of the show and glamour which covers so much of the hollow stuff that comes to us from the States ... He is a North American to his very fingertips."

Spelman began collecting musical scores in 1930, leading to a library of music for organ and other instruments that is probably the best in the U.S. outside the Library of Congress. It is now housed at the Lincoln Center in New York.

Organ Plus, A Catalogue of Ensemble Music for Organ and Instrument (1975) was the product of forty-five years collecting and researching ensemble music. The book, now in a fourth edition, has become a classic work. It also resulted in Spelman's hitting the lecture/concern circuit, conducting and giving lectures/recitals in cities throughout the U.S.

After one such event at St. Mary's Cathedral in San Francisco (1977), a reviewer for the *San Francisco Chronicle* wrote: "If and when anyone ever compiles a list of great American organists—people who made a difference, not just virtuosos—Leslie Spelman's name will surely be high in the ratings."

In the mid-sixties, the Chouinard Art Institute and the Los Angeles Conservatory of Music merged to become the California Institute of the Arts on a bright, new campus north of Los Angeles. Spelman served as a consultant, helping them through the process of accreditation, and in 1967-68 served as Dean of the music program two days a week while still retaining his position at Redlands.

"It's the only time I was ever paid what I was worth."

Although music has always been central to Spelman's life, there are more facets to the man than those revealed in his playing, composing and teaching.

As mentioned earlier, from school days on, there has always been one "special" friend in his life, and there is today.

His "great love" came late in Spelman's life, on an occasion as serendipitous as the earlier change of classes at Michigan. He wrote to Leonard Raver, organist for the New York Philharmonic and a teacher at Juilliard, to ask for the score of an unpublished work Raver was to play in Philadelphia. He asked also if he might attend both Raver's rehearsals and his public performance.

"Leonard sent the score and said he would be happy to have me listen to both his private and public playing. I went to Philadelphia and fell in love with Leonard, without his knowing of course.

"On returning to San Diego, I wrote to him and he replied, beginning a weekly exchange of letters and cards that lasted for twelve years until Leonard's death of AIDS complications in 1993. On several occasions, we visited one another—wonderful times when we shared our thoughts and feelings.

"When Leonard died, the person collecting his correspondence for inclusion in the Leonard Raver Archives at the Juilliard School consid-

ered these letters to be too private and personal for public inspection, and so sent them on to me. Arranged by years, Leonard had kept every card or letter I had written to him. Now they are my prized possessions and when at last I do get old, I may re-read them.

"He loved me as I loved him, although we never had sex nor did I ever see Leonard nude. It was a unique kind of devotion—spiritual rather than physical, but no less complete and fulfilling. I'll treasure the memories of what we shared so long as I am alive."

Spelman's first marriage ended in the 1950s and in 1961, he married a fellow Quaker, Alma Brown. She suffered a stroke in 1986 and died a few months later. He now shares his beautiful home with its view of the Pacific and bay with Jamie, his 22-year-old college student grandson. Each day brings its own joys as he leads what he terms "a happy life of non-monogamy."

At the conclusion of the interview, Spelman summed up his life so far: "I've had two wives, two dogs, five children, fourteen grandchildren, eight great-grand children ... and five lovers. Of course, some of these figures change every year."

JIM KITCHEN, 73, holds a Ph.D. in political science and was a professor of public administration and urban studies. He was also a Fulbright lecturer and taught in Pakistan. He is currently copublisher and editor in chief of Crazyquilt, *a mainstream literary quarterly.*

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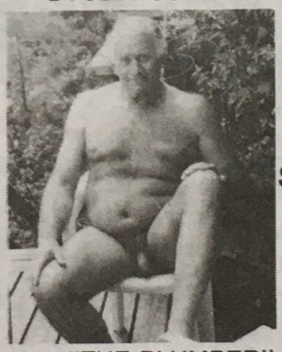
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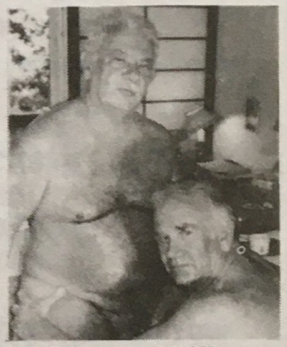

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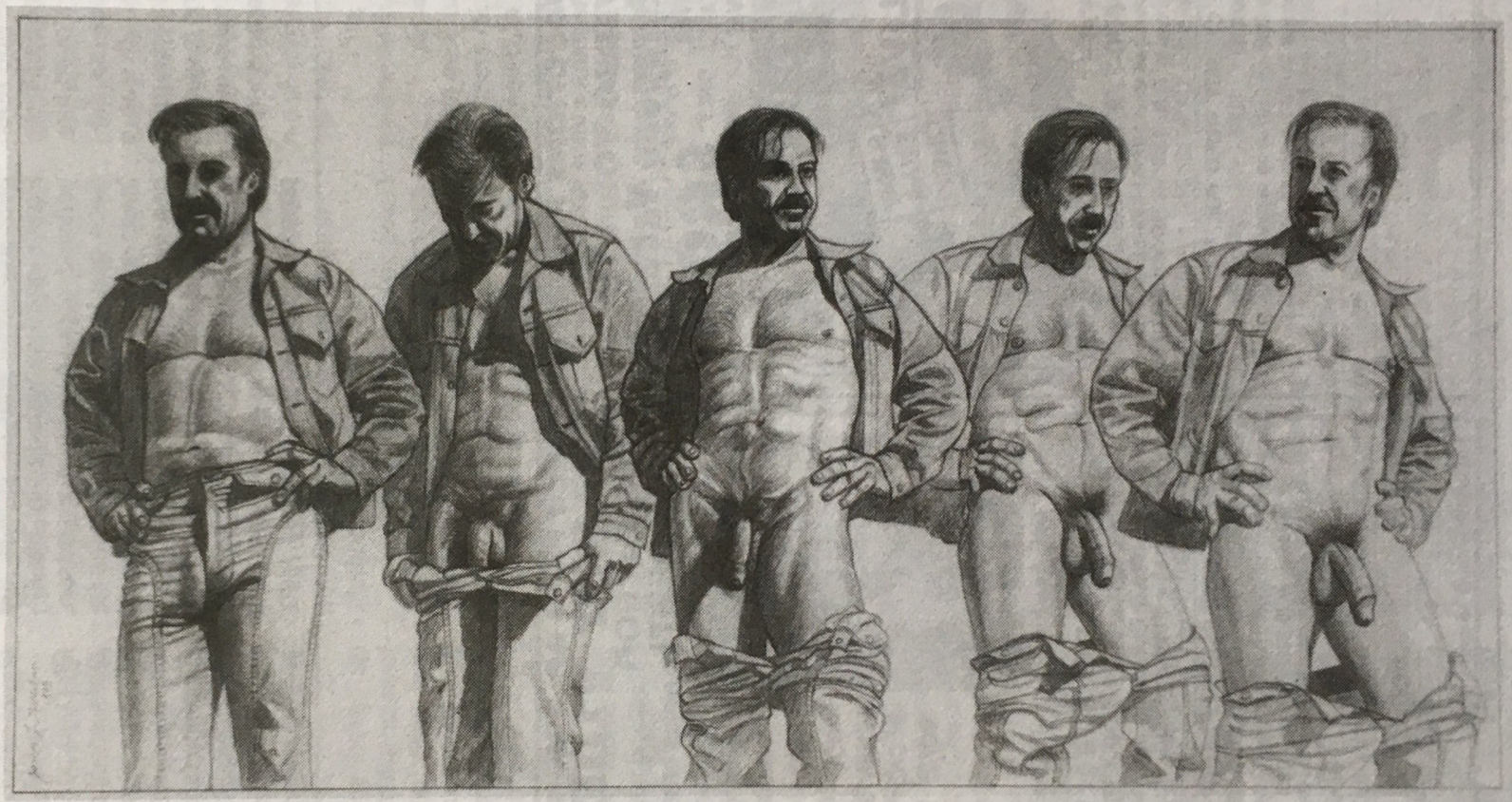

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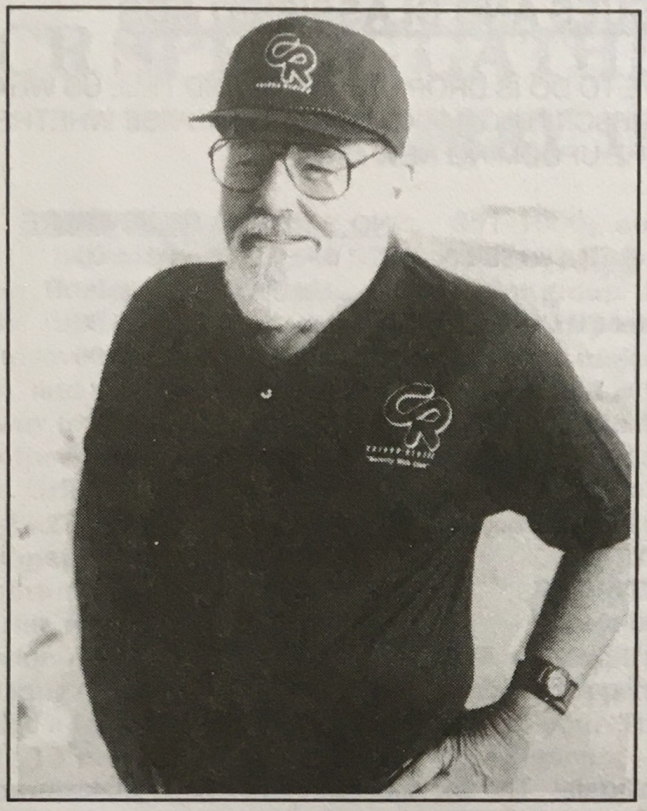

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FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS, BACK ISSUES AND CLASSIFIED ADS

NO ORDERING FORMS ARE NECESSARY. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS DROP US A NOTE AND TELL US WHAT YOU WANT FROM THE FOLLOWING LIST. IF YOU ARE SUBSCRIBING, MAKE SURE YOU ADVISE WHETHER YOU WANT TO START WITH THE CURRENT ISSUE OR THE UPCOMING NEW ONE.

SUBSCRIPTIONS	NO. AMERICA	ELSEWHERE
8 ISSUES - six bimonthly issues of CR and two semiannual issues of CR CLASSICS.	$50.00	$66.00
6 ISSUES - six bimonthly issues of CR only.	38.00	50.00
4 ISSUES - three bimonthly issues of CR and one semiannual issue of CR CLASSICS.	26.00	35.00
3 ISSUES - three bimonthly issues of CR only.	20.00	26.00

CR - REGULAR BACK ISSUES	NORTH AMERICA	ELSEWHERE
'93: #57, #58, #59, #60, #61	3.00	6.00

(NOTE: Due to an unprecedented rush on back issues, we have sold out of all CR issues through 56 and CR CLASSICS #1.)

CR CLASSICS - SEMIANNUAL SPECIAL ISSUES		
#2 - SPRING/SUMMER 93	5.00	7.00
#3 - FALL/WINTER 93/94	5.00	7.00
#4 - SPRING/SUMMER 94	8.00	10.00

We are not responsible for confiscation by customs officials. The above prices include postage, taxes and handling. All issues are mailed via First Class mail in the U.S. and via Printed Matter Air Mail elsewhere.

IMPORTANT: SIGN A STATMENT THAT YOU ARE OLD ENOUGH TO VOTE AND SEND YOUR ORDER NOTE TO OUR ADDRESS AS NOTED BELOW.

CLASSIFIED ADS

NOTE: IN ORDER FOR AN AD TO APPEAR IN ISSUE #63(AUGUST '94), IT MUST BE RECEIVED AT CR NO LATER THAN JUNE15, 1994

Instructions are as follows:

1. On a sheet of paper, type or print your ad the way you want it to appear in CR, then figure your cost.
2. Multiply the number of words by 30 cents and multiply that times the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear.
3. If you are using a codeword *(An alias only you and we know. We receive your mail, decode and forward to you)*, you must multiply $5 by the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear and add to the total. If you do use a codeword, make sure it is unique. We will assign another name if your particular codeword has already been taken.
4. If you want to use your telephone number in the ad, you must include $5 for a one time verification and add that to the total as well (not applicable if you've placed an ad with your telephone number in the past year).

IMPORTANT:

YOU MUST USE YOUR REAL NAME, AN ALIAS OR INITIALS IF YOU USE A P.O. BOX. WE WILL NOT ALLOW THE USE OF "OCCUPANT" OR "BOX HOLDER".

YOU MAY NOT PLACE AN AD FOR SOMEONE ELSE.

WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO ALTER, RE-WRITE OR REJECT ANY AD WE FEEL IS NOT IN THE BEST INTEREST OF THIS PUBLICATION.

YOUR REAL NAME, ADDRESS AND SIGNATURE AT THE BOTTOM OF YOUR NOTE INDICATES THAT YOU AUTHORIZE THE PRINTING OF THE AD AND TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR ANY INCIDENT OR RELATIONSHIP RESULTING THEREFROM. YOUR AD WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED WITHOUT THIS INFORMATION INCLUDED.

Enclose check or money order in U.S. funds (money order only from overseas—no checks unless through U.S. banks), payable to CHIRON RISING. Send cash at your own risk; it should be mailed well-disguised via certified mail. Mail to CHIRON RISING, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

[4864Luna,Phelan)

ANNOUNCING THE FIFTH ANNUAL CR SPRING GATHERING IN ORLANDO! MAY 19-22, 1995

THE HOST HOTEL

Is the Twin Towers at 5700 Major Boulevard in Orlando, site of the 1993 Gathering. Our guys fell in love with this beautiful hotel then, and the hotel has gone out of its way to get us back, beating out 12 other hotels from Baltimore to New Orleans in competitive bidding. The hotel is named for its landmark towers, which offer a panoramic view of all the local tourist attractions and together provide 760 rooms, all with either one king or two queen beds. There is also a variety of suites available. Only 15 minutes west of Orlando International Airport and an equal distance from Walt Disney World, the Twin Towers is located at the entrance to Universal Studios. All major attractions in the Central Florida area are within 30 minutes, and both of Florida's coasts are within 90 minutes.

The special rate for CR attendees is $76 per room, single, double, triple or quad occupancy. With four guys sharing, that's only $19 each—with two, only $38! This rate also applies three days prior and three days after the Gathering, based upon space availability. Rates are exclusive of taxes.

We've only contracted for a block of 500 rooms with overflows set up in three other local hotels, so first-come, first-served. Just remember, the Aladdin Hotel sold out of tower rooms almost overnight and the balance in five months. So make your reservations now!

HOTEL RESERVATIONS

Are the responsibility of attendees and may be made by calling the Twin Towers toll free number, (800) 327-2110 (Foreign - (407) 351-1000), and identifying yourself as being part of the Chiron Rising group. A prepayment of one night's deposit (by check, money order or major credit card) is required and is fully refundable if a written cancellation notice is received by the hotel more than 48 hours prior to arrival time.

CONVENTION REGISTRATION FEE

Must be paid directly to us. We will confirm your registration and have a permanent badge made up for you. The following fees are per person:

Postmarked no later than 8/31/94: $120.00

Postmarked no later than 12/31/94: $130.00

Postmarked no later than 5/1/95 $140.00

(subject to availability)

At the registration desk, provided space is available:

Total Package - $150.00

Friday Cocktail Party - $25.00

Saturday Cocktail/Dinner Show - $55.00

Sunday Cocktail Party/ Banquet - $55.00

Monday Breakfast - $25.00

Hospitality Area Pass (good for Friday through Sunday) - $25.00

Advance registration fees are fully refundable for cancellations prior to 12/31/94. Cancellation charges thereafter will be $20 per person through 3/31/95. No refunds are possible after 4/1/95.

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

(Note: All events will utilize cash bars, which means that attendees must pay for their own beverages except for hospitality room coffee and beverages served with meals. We feel it is unfair to include the high cost of alcoholic beverages in the package price when so many attendees abstain from alcohol. The money is much better spent for good food.)

Friday, May 19th

1:00 p.m. to 4:00 p.m. - Registration, Convention Center.

5:00 p.m. to 7:00 p.m. - Reception, Citrus Crown Ballroom. Cash bars. CR will provide iced jumbo shrimps, melon with proscuito ham, assorted canapes, Swedish meatballs, mushrooms with crabmeat, assorted cheeses, and vegetable crudite with dips.

7:00 p.m. to ? - Dinner and entertainment on your own.

10:00 p.m. to ? - Hospitality Area. Coffee and other refreshments served by CR. Socializing, entertainment.

Saturday, May 20th

Breakfast and lunch on your own. Sight-seeing or cavorting at the pool.

5:00 p.m. to 7:00 p.m. - Cocktail Party, Citrus Crown Ballroom. Cash bars. CR will provide finger sandwiches, eggs a la Russe, chicken fingers, Chinese egg rolls, Polynesian meatballs and sausage tidbits.

7:00 p.m. to 8:30 p.m. - Hawaiian Luau Buffet. CR will provide a feast which will include vegetable salad with sesame dressing, tropical fruit salad, ambrosia salad, tossed green salad with choice of dressing, Lo Mi salmon salad, beef and broccoli with hot sauce, broiled Mahi Mahi with sweet & sour sauce, boneless breast of chicken with macadamia

nut dressing, Kahlua pork, stir-fried island vegetables, fried rice, sweet potato in coconut milk, carrot cake, coconut rice pudding and piña colada mousse.

8:30 p.m. to 10:00 p.m. - Entertainment - TBA. Cash cordial/coffee cart.

10:00 p.m. to ? - Hospitality Area. Same as Friday.

Sunday, May 21st

Breakfast and lunch on your own. Sight-seeing or cavorting at the pool.

5:00 p.m. to 7:00 p.m. - Cocktail Party. Cash bars. CR will provide salami rosettes, iced crab claws, quesadillas, Jerk chicken, assorted cheeses, and vegetable crudite with dip.

7:00 p.m. to 8:30 p.m. - Banquet. CR will provide a salad, Chicken Marsala, vegetables and potato du jour, rolls and butter, beverage, and Amaretto cheesecake.

8:30 p.m. to 10:00 p.m. - Speaker(s) - TBA. Cash cordial/coffee cart.

10:00 p.m. to ? - Hospitality Area. One final night to strike it rich.

Monday, May 22nd

9:00 a.m. to 10:30 a.m. - Breakfast Buffet. CR will provide assorted chilled juices, sliced fruits in season, French toast with syrup, scrambled eggs, bacon or sausage patties, breakfast potatoes, pastries, coffee, decaf and tea. Announcements and farewells.

WHO'S INVITED?

All fans of *Chiron Rising* Magazine and their friends. You do not have to be a subscriber.

BADGES

Only those registrants with special badges or proper tickets will be allowed into the functions. Those who wish to chance late registration at the door should call us to check on availability before committing to air and hotel reservations.

CAMERAS

Videography will not be allowed inside the function rooms. Have at it elsewhere, including the pool area and hotel lobby. Do not videotape unsuspecting attendees. Give a warning so that those who do not want to be photographed can turn their heads. Other cameras will be allowed inside the function rooms, but permission should always be obtained prior to taking one's photo. Absolutely no photos will be published in CR without signed releases.

CRASHERS

In light of the many unregistered groupies and gawkers who showed up at the hotel last year and prowled the lobby and hallways, the hotel has advised that all loitering men without badges/tickets/passes will be asked to show their room key. Those who identify themselves as being with CR and reserve a room at the hotel without any intention of registering with us will find their hotel bill much larger after we compare lists with hotel management.

HOW TO REGISTER FOR THE FUNCTIONS

Merely send us a note stating name(s), address(es) and telephone number(s) of registrant(s). Along with your note, enclose a check or money order for the proper amount.

HOW TO GET AN ASSIGNED ROOMMATE

This very difficult task was a back-breaker for us in 1993 and even worse in 1994 in Las Vegas. We have therefore modified the procedure to make it easier on us. If you cannot provide your own roommate(s), state so when you register with us. Very briefly describe your location, your vitals, and your preference for smoker or nonsmoker.

Example:

"#0042 - New Jersey: WM, 48, 6'-2",240#, hairy, seeks non-smoker."

Or:

"#0055 - San Francisco couple: Asian, 26, 5'-4", 130#; Black, 60, 5'-8", 195#, seeks non-smoking, intergenerational couple."

We will assign you a code number and publish a free mini-ad for you in the next available issue. Any mail directed to your code number will be forwarded to you. If you do not find a roommate, advise us and we'll repeat your ad; otherwise, it will only run for one issue. If you haven't found a roommate by February, 1995, we will assign one randomly if any openings exist. Do not wait until you have a roommate to reserve a room at the Twin Towers. You can always change or cancel later.

DRESS CODE

Your way, tux or shorts. Just make sure you wear shoes and a shirt for the indoor functions. A bathing suit is essential for outside.

BEHAVIOR CODE

Be yourself, but save the passionate stuff for your rooms, where it is less-illegal. Although we will have almost the entire hotel to ourselves, some families will be there too. We are absolutely committed to providing a wonderful experience for everyone; therefore, we reserve the right to confiscate the badge/ticket/pass of anyone who verbally or physically abuses another guest. The hotel reserves the right to expel anyone who damages hotel property, abuses a hotel employee, or otherwise breaks a local law.

ACT NOW, NOT LATER

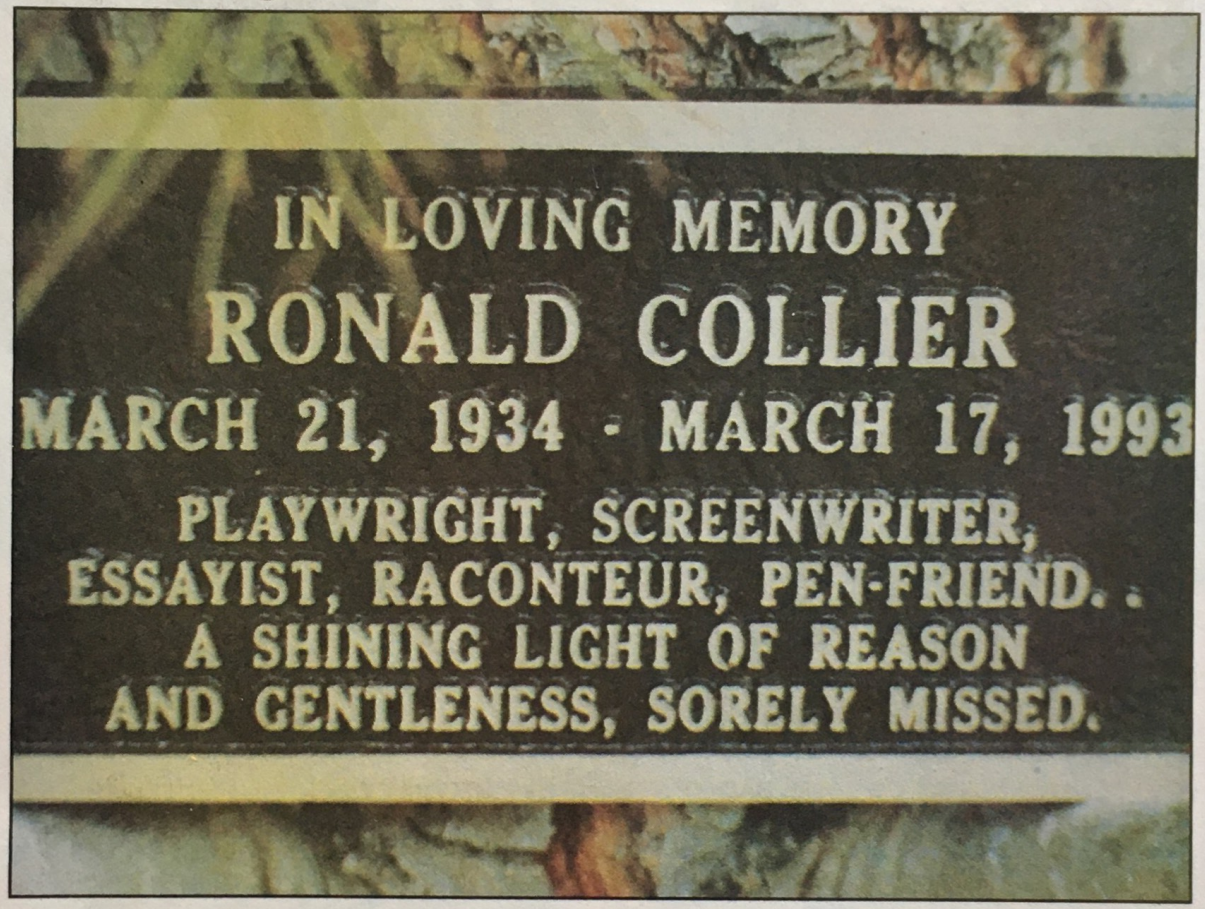
Ask the guys who waited too late for the Las Vegas bash. Our Gatherings are the hottest tickets going, so take the plunge and work out the details later. Carefully study the registration pricing and realize how much you will save by not procrastinating.

SEE YOU THERE!

THE FINAL WORD
by LORD CLEVELAND

RON COLLIER - In Memorium

Sunday, February 27, 1994
The House of a Thousand Flowers,
Magic Mountain, Cazadero, California



We bade bon voyage to our friend today. Ron's exuberant and effervescent spirit took leave of his body nearly a year ago, but we had kept his earthly remains near us until a time came when we could reunite them with the countryside from which had sprung this beautiful man, this patient soul, this friend.

Among the great, beautiful trees of the California coastal forest, he is now blended with those other great monuments of nature. The man whose wide-spreading spirit and great heart we have lost is now joined with those forest monarchs, those ancient Sequoias whose wide-spreading branches have sheltered so much life; whose roots have long nursed at the bosom of the earth; whose great trunks were standing when Ron was born and which will welcome him as he unites with them in the place where, conjoined, they will exist in the limitless eternity of time.

Ron's generous heart, gentleness of spirit, boundless enthusiasm and contagious good humor in the face of extreme adversity will long sustain us in our own travails and give us wonderful moments to remember of his acceptance of his role in life as he strove to be a friend to all. He will be with us in thought and memory and, as we gaze at the great trees with whom he now resides, in our hearts they stand as ageless monuments to his great spirit.

You were much loved, Ron. So, as you have so often said to so many of us: "Ah, so . . . Later, luv!"

LORD CLEVELAND is an ordained minister and retired naval officer living in the S.F. Bay Area.

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AND SYRINX

ROB DADEO . . . photo by P.H. COLLEY

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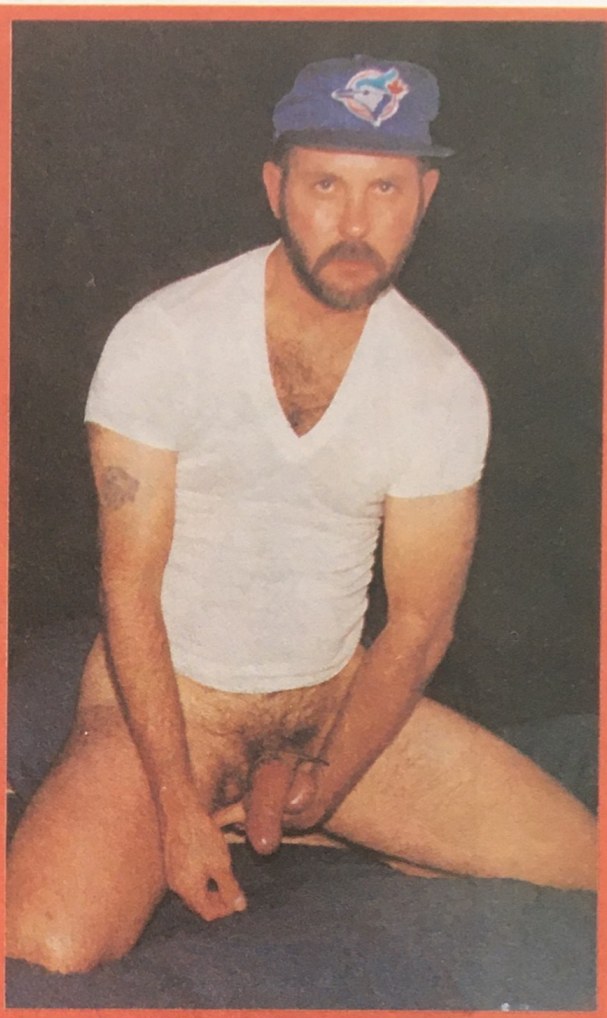
Simply send us a letter stating, "Please send me ( ) copies of QUADRAPLEX." Indicate your name, address, city, state, zip, country, followed by the statement: "I certify that I am over 21 years of age," followed by your signature and date of birth. Calculate your remittance from the following and mail to: *Chiron Rising*, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393

Base Price		49.95
UPS shipping & handling to street address (U.S. only)		4.00
Post office box shipping & handling via certified mail (U.S. CR established customers only)		5.00
Foreign shipping and handling for mail order.	North America	8.00
	Overseas	10.00
California residents add 8.5% sales tax to base price.	Each	5.42

Available in VHS only. Other formats will be available in the near future through overseas distributors. We do not ship to the post office boxes of new mail order customers in AZ, AL, FL, GA, NC, TN, TX or Canada. Check or money order in U.S. funds only, drawn on U.S. banks. Send cash at your own risk. Not responsible for confiscation by foreign customs officials. Sorry, no COD or credit card orders. Allow 3 to 5 weeks for delivery. PLEASE READ THE ABOVE VERY CAREFULLY. FAILURE TO DO AS INSTRUCTED WILL ONLY DELAY YOUR ORDER.

RICK SAMUELS . . . photo by PHOTOMAN

DELAWARE KENT . . . a self-portrait

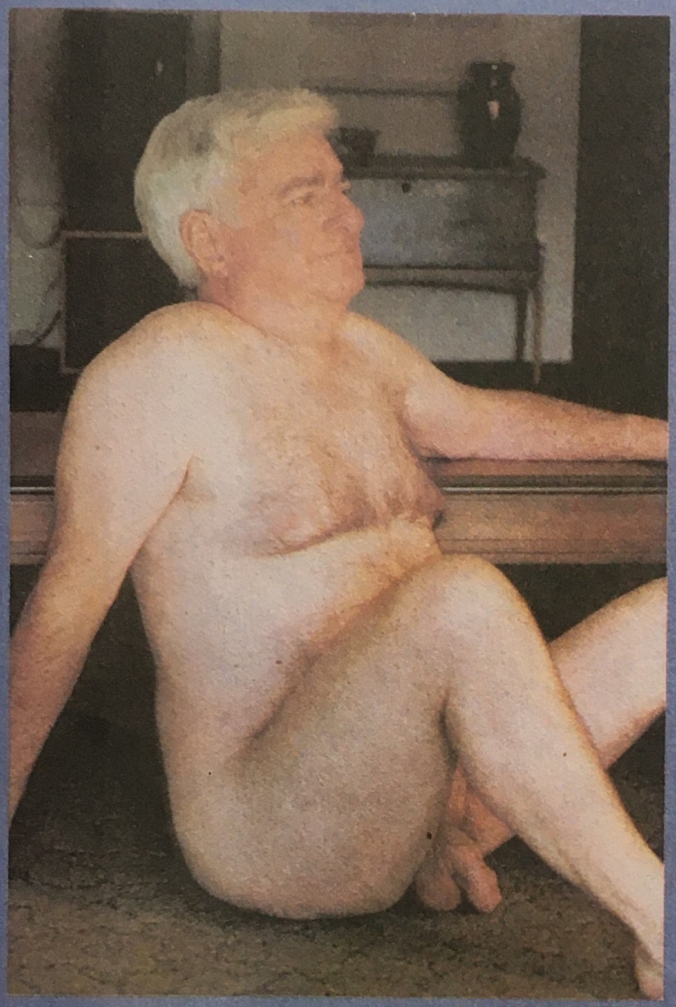


THIS ONE'S FOR YOU, BIG DADDY

ARKANSAS MIKE . . . photo by a friend

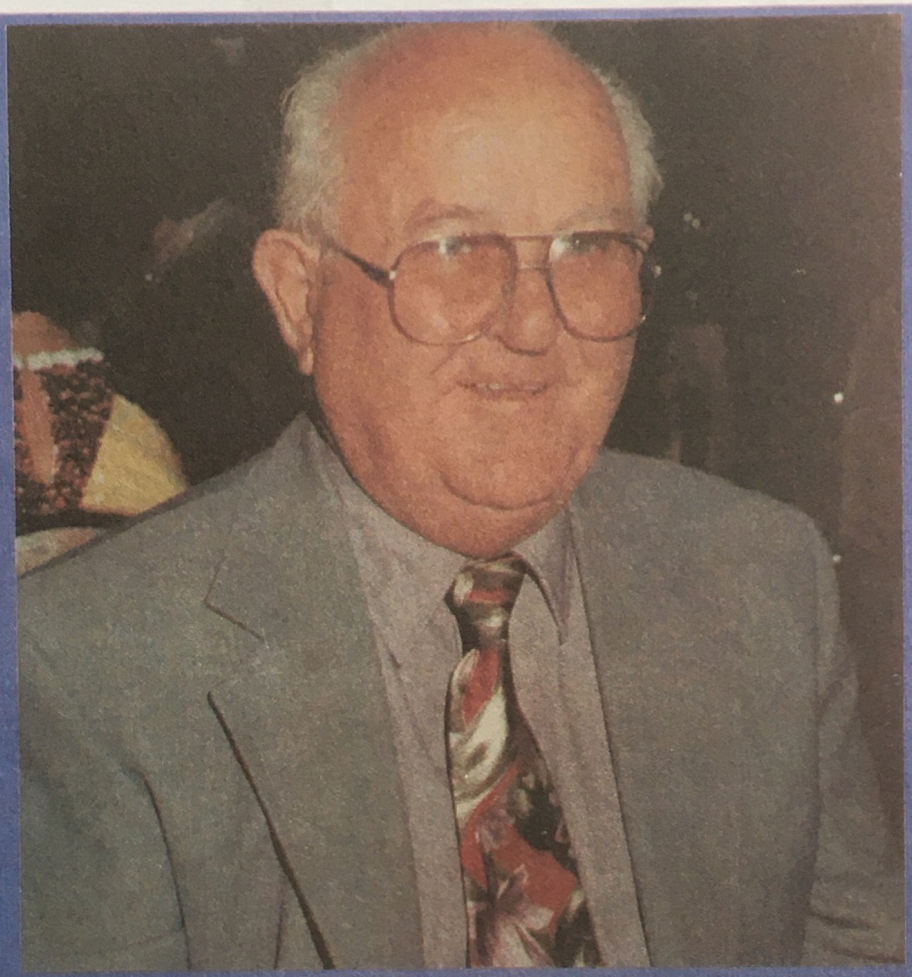
SMOLDERING AT 80

T.O.M. - photo by PAISAN



NAPPY . . . photo by J.G.

GOVERNOR . . . photo by a friend

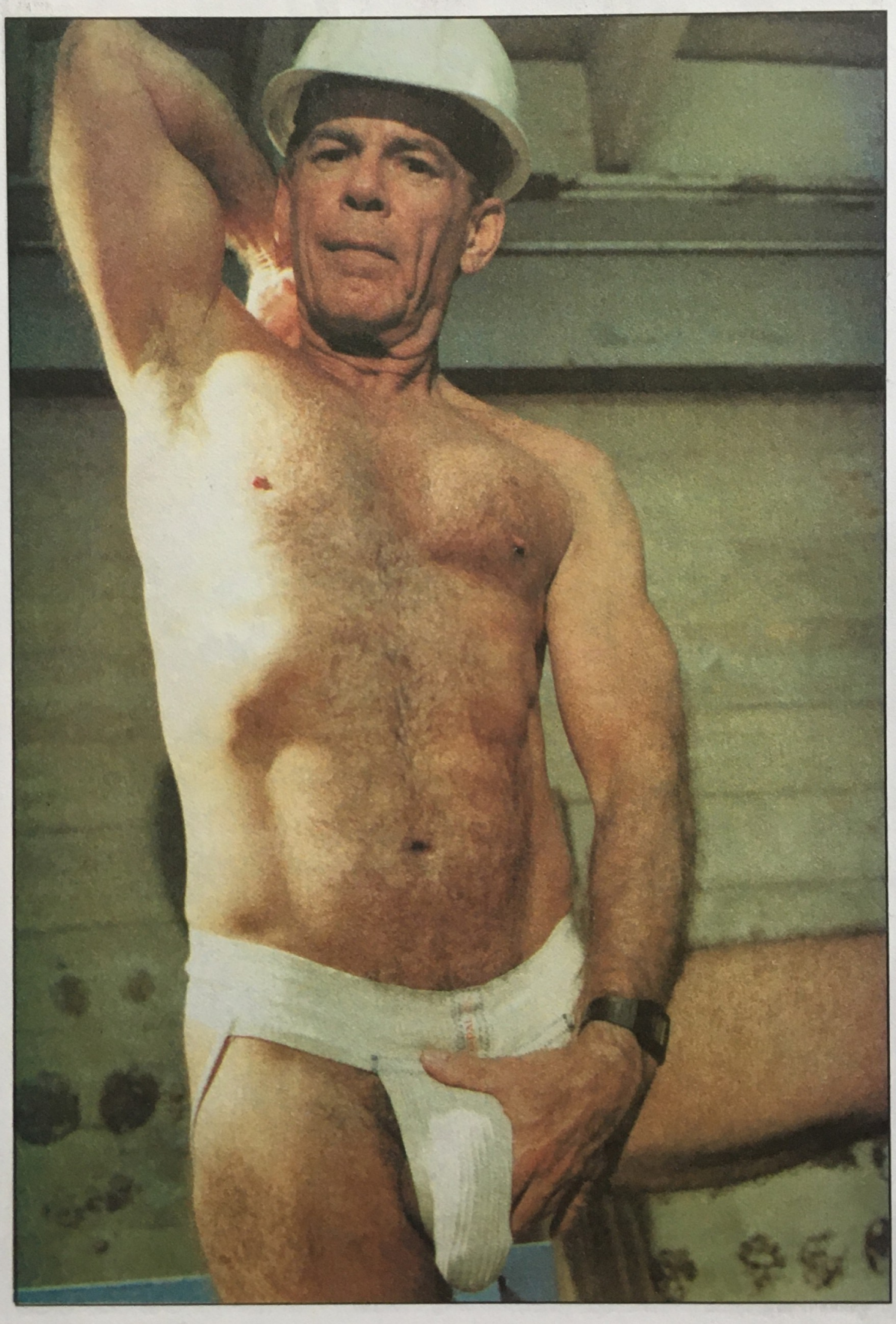


KOOKABURRA . . . a self-portrait

BULL BUCK

photo by MARSHAL

MARC MANN photo by ALTOMAR PRODUCTIONS



BIG BRICK

ALLEN, ESQ
PHOTOMAN